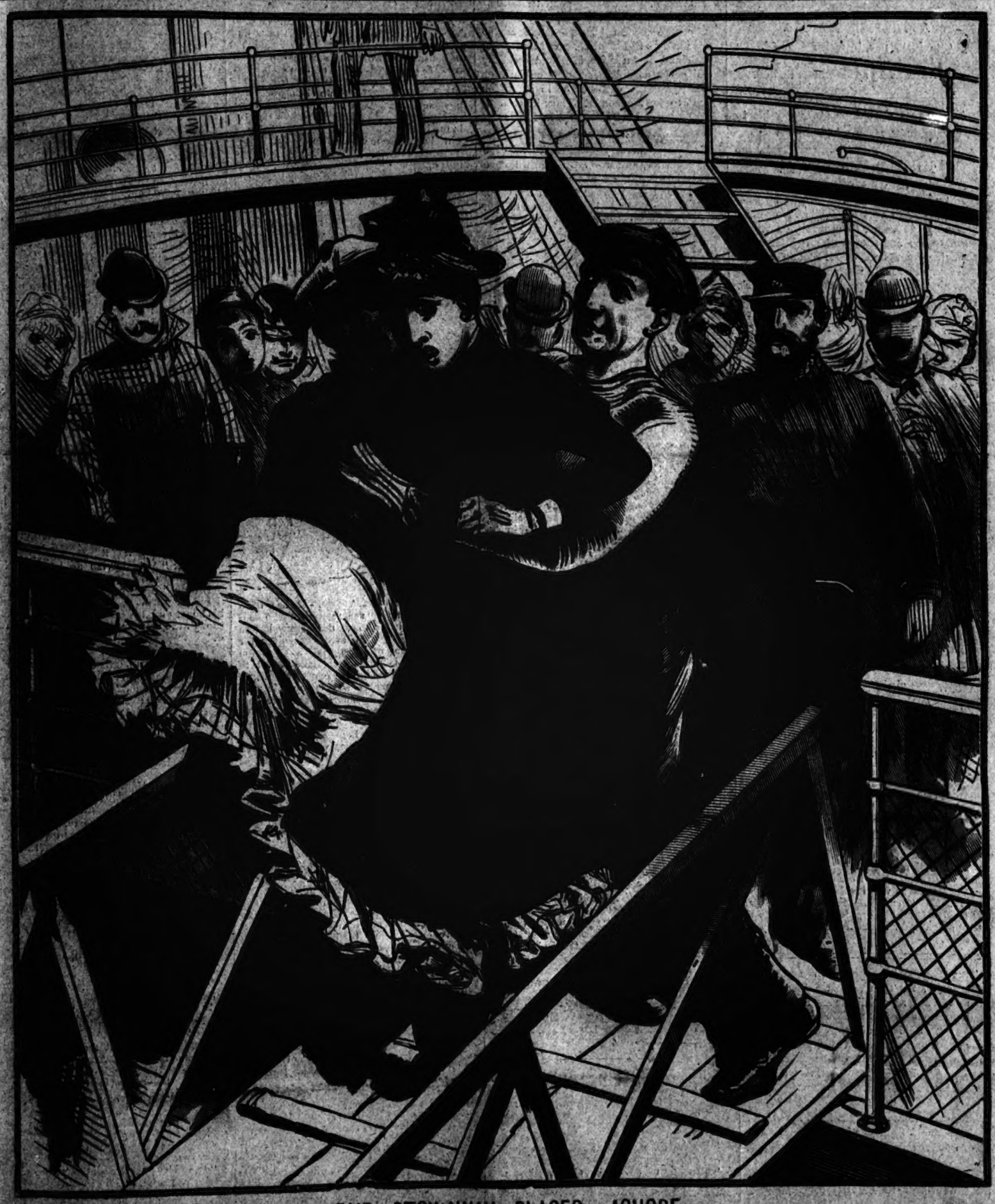
The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

VOL. II.—No. 10. [Entered at Stationers' Hall.] LONDON: SEPTEMBER 8 1894. [Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.] PRICE TWO PENCE.



A FAIR STOWAWAY PLACED ASHORE.

How a Girl was Captured in New York Harbour Trying to Evade Passage Money to England.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

Published Weekly by
THE MIRROR OF LIFE CO.,
108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

For the Week Ending
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

RATES TO SUBSCRIBERS.

"The Mirror of Life" will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom at the following rates:—

One Year, Post Free ...	10s. 6d.
Six Months, ditto ...	5s. 3d.
Three Months, ditto ...	2s. 8d.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, per insertion 10s. 6d.
Special Contracts made for Three Months.
Our Advertising space will be limited.

All Cheques should be made payable to The Mirror of Life Co., and crossed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Portraits of people prominent in the sporting and theatrical world are acceptable, and all portraits sent must be accompanied by a complete record to ensure publication. All sketches and news of an interesting character throughout Great Britain will be liberally paid for, if used. All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to Ned Holske, Editor, The Mirror of Life, 108, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

13 WEEKS 13

Send 2s. 8d. to the Mirror of Life, 108, Fleet Street, E.C., and the paper will be sent you, post free, for thirteen weeks.

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining The Mirror of Life regularly off your newsagent, please send us the name and address of the agent whom you trade with, and we shall see that he receives his supply weekly.

OUR MOTTO,

"Be Just and Fearless."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. F. E. (Ashton-under-Lyne).—See next week's issue.
H. N. (Wood Green).—Thanks for portrait.
H. B. (Manchester).—Will endeavour to comply with your request.
Inquirer (Liverpool).—Portrait of Tom Cannon appears in this week's issue.
Reader (Chelsea).—See record of Thomas Sullivan elsewhere in these columns.
C. J. (Sunderland).—Jake Kilrain and Jem Smith fought a draw of 106 rounds, occupying 2hr and 3min, in France, Dec. 19, 1887, for a stake of £2,000. Neither one ever displayed form good enough to demand recognition in the championship class for heavy weights.
D. W. S. (Bristol).—Thomas Webster, Brandon Club, 90, Argyle Street, Glasgow, can supply you with the photographs you desire.

The Lancashire sportsmen must feel proud of J. H. Tyers, the amateur champion swimmer at all distances, because he is unquestionably the best England has ever produced, and is good enough to concede long starts and a beating to any professional in the world. All the events Tyers has participated in this season he has won with ridiculous ease.

* * *

The promoters of the Sheffield Handicap, to be run off Saturday and Monday next, have received considerable encouragement in the form of entries. The list comprises sixty-seven names, which is seven more than was sent in for the corresponding event of 1893. New blood is represented by sixteen names. All that is now required to revive the sport is for the men to run honestly, and the management to secure efficient judges and starter in whom the public have faith.

* * *

Corbett, by his latest effusions, continues to make an ass of himself, and unless he places a seal on his tongue the Yankees will become so disgusted with him that he will experience a rough road before him. He claims he would not do battle in England even were he to be presented with Windsor Castle, a remark wholly uncalled for on his part. He may continue to dodge Peter Jackson, but he can't very well squeal out of a fight with Bob Fitzsimmons. At the present time Corbett is the centre of attraction amongst the heavy-weights in the States, and it will require a considerable amount of ingenuity on his part to steer clear of a fight very much longer.

* * *

Frank P. Slavin has posted £1,000 as a forfeit in support of a challenge to Corbett or Jackson to fight to a finish for £3,000 a-side and an added purse. As his proposal is fair and businesslike, it should certainly receive the consideration of the black or Corbett, and it would then be in order for Slavin to give an account of how he came to be defeated in his last contest in London.

* * *

Before the week is out Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and John O'Brien will have met and agreed upon a day to decide their battle at the National Sporting Club. Craig writes that he will come direct to The Mirror of Life office, at 108, Fleet Street, on reaching London, and will request O'Brien to meet him to consummate the match. Craig is the best of the representative American middle-weights, and if he succeeds in defeating O'Brien he will return to the States and seek a fight with Fitzsimmons.

ARTHUR CALLAN, OF WOOD GREEN.

A Game 9st 6lb Pugilist Always Open to Meet All Comers.

(With Portrait.)

Arthur Callan, the clever 9st 6lb pugilist, of Wood Green, was born at Kingsland, London district, twenty-six years ago, and stands 5ft 5½in. His first essay in boxing was as a contestant in a local 9st competition, which he won, defeating G. Pritchard in the final bout. He won a similar competition at the Market House, Islington, and then met and defeated J. Hedges, at Wood Green, in four rounds. Maurice Gordon, of St. Luke's, fell before Callan in forty rounds, and Paddy McNamara met the same fate on two occasions—one in three rounds, and the second in two and a half rounds. At the defunct Pelican Club he beat Harry Mack, of Bethnal Green, in six rounds; and J. Gover twice, the first in twenty rounds, and the second time in twelve rounds. He beat W. Day, of Hackney, twice; Joe Lambert twice; and then met Arthur Valentine at the National Sporting Club. The latter won, it being Callan's first set back; he, however, again met Valentine at the Goodwin Gymnasium, and also at Swindon, but it was not until they fought at the National the second time that Callan secured a victory in ten rounds. His next fight was at the Raglan Music Hall against Harry Spurden at 9st. Callan trained too fine, and was beaten. Callan has beaten H. Woods, of Bethnal Green, for £40, and scored three victories over Morris Phillips. In the 9st 6lb competition, given by the Thames Rowing Club, Callan won, defeating H. Webster in the final bout. He is not by any means a clever boxer, but possesses determination, and depends upon rugged fighting for success, as was shown in his last encounter, when meeting Jack Gover with bare knuckles; he fought for two hours, during which time sixty-eight rounds were disputed, and the contest was declared a draw. Those who were present declared it to be the gamest battle they ever witnessed, and thoroughly eclipsed the great sluggers Sullivan and Mitchell's match. So well pleased were they that a 100gs purse will be forthcoming to enable him to again try conclusions.

Equal to the occasion.—At an examination of students one young gentleman, being asked to describe Henry VIII., replied:

"He was a professional widower."

* * *

"Don't you miss your husband very much now that he is away?"

"Oh, not at all. You see, he left me plenty of money, and at breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of his plate, and half the time I forget he really isn't here."

KICKS FROM THE EDITOR.

An Abhorrence of Rowdyism.—We do detest getting into company beneath our position socially, but at times we are unable to choose whom we shall associate with. When we were inveigled into a certain club room the other night to see two of the short-haired gentry perform, we closely scanned the company we were in. Graduates from Billingsgate would have hidden their faces in shame in not being capable of uttering the unintelligible remarks some of the party gave utterance to. The fight within the ring only whetted the appetites of those who crowded round it. Presently the music started in a spirited fashion, and before we could get to the door several bestowed friendly taps upon our physog. Finally we landed to the entrance, and just for sport sake we dropped down the flight of stairs; the first one we touched being at the bottom of the landing. We are now incapacitated, and will probably not go faster than a shamble for some time to come.

* * *

It was a False Alarm.—It has been our misfortune to secure a wife who continually imagines she can detect burglars in the house. We purchased a revolver for self-protection, and we have a suspicion that our wife is anxious to have it put to service to test its killing capacity. About two a.m. we were roused by our wife, who declared she heard someone under our bed. We argued silence would be a wise plan to adopt for our safety. Presently, a sound was heard from the hall-way, and then we were forced to arise, grapple our weapon and go in search of the intruder. Our better half got hold of the back of our neck to keep us braced up. Though it was a sultry night our teeth chattered and legs trembled. We were forced through the hall-way, and descending the stairs we experienced a peculiar sensation. The big black cat jumped down from the table in the breakfast room. When we heard that noise a cold chill crept down our back, our knees knocked together, and the revolver fell from our grasp. What a shock our nervous system did sustain! No amount of conversation could convince our wife we were not afraid, and soon as the mystery had been solved we slunk off into bed to creep under the clothing, covering our entire carcass in order to hide from any possible danger.

* * *

Gave us a Tip.—"'Ere, you, I wants to tell you summat as will be a tip for yer blarsted Mirror of Life," said an uncouth object of humanity as he meandered into our sanctum the other day. "Those coves wot foight carn't find the price of such a paper as yourn, but 'unts up a pub wot takes in yer valuable paper, and by getting a 'arf of fourpenny reads the paper through and saves the stevers. See! The blokes wot sing on the music 'all stage don't take it in 'cause they put on such a blooming lot of 'side.' We're der kind as don't moind the price, and for that reason we wants some of our pals' pictures took in yer paper. Jimmy the Nobber, the bloke wot's down at Victoria Docks, is the strongest joker as I know on, and I'll put down me brass that Jimmy can lift a 'orse if he can make a bob or two by doing on it. Well, he 'as lots of pals, and they wants his picture like in the paper to make mugs on some of the coves wot live by showing people 'ow much they can lift. The nanigotes was good, the kicks and phunnygraphs funny-like, and the stuff 'bout the coves wot box just outs 'em all, like one of those right 'anders wot winds up a foight suddint-like, see! Well, just put some of the pals in yer paper and, strike me, it will give yer a chance to work later every week to count up yer bundles wot the noos-carts will took." We took an extra bite at our plug of tobacco and let the spit fly in all directions to allay our nervousness, but our visitor grabbed hold of the plug, too, and kept us company. Though we had no occasion to swim our way out of the sanctum, it was necessary to turn up the bottoms of our trousers to save them from the filth that joker dropped out. We compromised it with him by handing over a few sample copies and making good for a pint of four-ale. Great Heavens! What a grip that fellow had! We shall feel the effects of his hearty hand-shake for many a day. We have ordered a cast-iron glove, and when we hear of his coming again on goes the protector, not to hurt his hand, because it is like a grip of iron, but to save ours from a compound fracture.

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

Etiquette books are usually written by persons who have never moved in the "best society." But they are good authorities on what kept them out of it.

* * *

"Have you ever been around the world?"
"No; but my arm has."
"What do you mean?"
"Well, you are all the world to me."

* * *

As everybody knows, the postscript is usually the most important part of a young lady's letter. Perhaps this is why a new corset has been named the "P.S."

* * *

Jigsy McDuff: "Is he a tough nut?"
Slob McTerrigan: "Tough? Wy, if he was to be run over by a bus, it wouldn't knock de ashes off de end of his cigarette."

* * *

'Tis well that Lydia's lover lies
In making diamonds of her eyes;
For if 'twere true, ere morrow's dawn
Fair Lydia's eyes would be in pawn.

* * *

Banker (to applicant): "Before I engage you, I must ask you as a precaution to take off your beard and have yourself photographed, after which you can let it grow again."

* * *

Herdso: "How does it happen that Dr. Emdee is so popular with his lady patients?"
Baldso: "He tells them all that they are 'too young to die.'"

* * *

Figgs: "Antediluvian as he was, Noah was up to snuff."
Digg: "How so?"
Figgs: "That party in the ark, 'His wife, his sons, and his sons' wives.' It looks as though the mother-in-law had to swim for it."

* * *

Emigrant Inspector (to new arrival from the old sod): "My man, are you an American citizen?"
New arrival: "Not just yet, sur, but I don't moind tellin' yer that I'm a candidate fur alderman."

* * *

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?"
The skeleton in the closet rocked to and fro.
"After all these years of waiting," it moaned, "there's going to be a divorce suit in the family at last, and—"
It wrung its hands bitterly.
"I haven't a blessed thing to wear."
The outlook was certainly desperate.

* * *

One—two
I—you
Why—this
Come—kiss
I bring
Gold ring
Trick done
Two—one!

* * *

Flossie is six years old. "Mamma," she asked one day, "if I get married, will I have to have a husband like pa?"
"Yes," replied the mother, with an amused smile.
"And if I don't get married, will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?"
"Yes."
"Mamma"—after a pause—"it's a tough world for us women, ain't it?"

* * *

"You'll never die of consumption, John," said a wife to her husband when he came home at a late hour a little the worse for wear.
"I won't die of consumption. What makes you think so?"
"Because your lungs are sound."
"How do you know?"
"How do I know? Because your breath is so strong."

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT GREGSON.

Robert Gregson.

If we meant to write panegyrics instead of faithful memoirs; if we had any other aims than to give our readers good, proper, and just ideas of the lives, actions, prowess, and leading characteristics of the past race of pugilists, we should then follow the untruthful accounts which have been printed concerning Bob Gregson. What is worse, he has been bespattered by a side wind on two or three points, and many veterans are "given to understand" that which is not stated outright, because 'tis not true. Robert Gregson was no poet, notwithstanding the P.P. that was so ostentatiously put after his name some years ago; least of all, his attempts in that way never gave him any just pretensions to rank among heroic verses of real poets; he required the mere carpentry that constitutes that kind the construction of the genuine. Example, given by Bob's panegyrist himself:—

"You gentlemen of fortune attend unto my ditty,
A few lines I have penned upon this great fight;
In the centre of England the noble place is pitch'd on
For the valour of this country, or America's delight.
The sturdy Black doth swear,
The moment he gets there," &c., &c.

This is not poetry, 'tis not grammar, nor is it sense; but 'tis d——d nonsense.

Robert Gregson were better known, and the various occurrences of his life more useful as lessons to other pugilists, by reason of the vicissitudes of which he had been the sport. Soaring in the country as the primest lad of his native Lancashire, he came to London in search of adventures, reduced to the necessity of living by his fists, as many others do by their wits. To Maudesley, and Waller, and Ayschro add Ned Prescott, Jem Benton, Tom Dawber, Bob Fance, Tom Wright, and Bill Hallsel, who early fell before his potent arm, but deserve no more particular notice, according to Milton, when speaking of our Saxon ancestors "do the battles of rooks and crows, jackdaws and magpies." Joe Berks, a big one, stood the tussle with Gregson, who took the fight completely out of him in forty minutes, and with the accounts of this conquest did Bob strike to London.

Upon his arrival he had no good adviser, or he took no care to follow counsel, but went to work with the top of the tree at first. This was wrong, and only meant sowing the seeds of his subsequent defeats.

He aspired to the championship at once, despising the more natural and safer method of climbing from the base, and, in the flight, he broke the neck of this ambition. Athletic in his person and determined in his resolves, he spurned at the rules of more civilised life, and his first act towards getting into the ring consisted of a ruffianly assault, not unusual in Lancashire, but wholly destitute of that good sense which was usually displayed by better bred combatants. In July, 1807, he repaired to the shop where Gully usually smoked his pipe, and falling into a quarrel with him, used harsh language, and ultimately seized him up under his arm and threw him down like a child—a proof of his great strength at lifting, but by no means decisive of pugilistic properties, as the event most eloquently tells. He was then at the very apex of his powers for such a feat, being just twenty-nine years of age the 21st of the same month, having been born in the year 1778.

He was a native of Heskin, near Preston, and at the proper age got his livelihood by escorting the barges from Wigan to Liverpool and back, an occupation that, by inuring youth to fatigue in open air, expands the chest and invigorates the frame. Accordingly his form and make, being worthy of such a distinction, were frequently exposed to the admiration and imitative talents of the pupils at the Royal Academy, and the lecturer descanted, with instructive accuracy, on the disposition of Bob's muscles, which, if not the most symmetrical, were at least the largest and best knit together that had been exhibited at that school of painting since the appearance there of Tom Spring.

Gregson and Gully met and fought their first fight on October 14, 1807, at Six Mile Bottom, between Cambridge and Newmarket, and, notwithstanding the superior height of Gregson (almost 6ft 2in), and his weighing near 16st, the odds at setting to were 3 and 4 to 1 in favour of the least man. Richmond and Harry Lee assisted the subject of this memoir, whilst Cribb and Cropley appeared for Gully; Bill Ward and Jackson also remained in the ring to act as occasion might require. We will not enumerate every change and chance of a battle in which he was not destined to come off victor, but content with observing, that, long after the battle was morally lost, he brought the betting to even, and nothing but the equal bottom and pluck, the superior activity and science of Gully could have given him the advantage over Gregson's much greater weight, strength, and length of arm.

Gregson's science, it was thought, required amendment, and he sought to acquire an insight of the art of manual defence, as taught by George Head, previously to attempting once more the earlier acquired tactics of his first conqueror. But George found him a dull scholar, and one evening, calling out in his sharp manner, "Damn it, what signifies all I can say if you do not attend to me?" Bob took offence, and in four or five rounds he imparted more real practical instruction than he ever before thought of adopting! This quilting bout soon got wind, and Gregson got a fresh tutor in Dan Mendoza. This was the ruin of him as a boxer, for he thereby lost his next battle, and in his subsequent and last contest became worse and worse. Meantime he dispatched a challenge to Gully.

Finally a battle was arranged, and they met on the 13th of May, 1808, to fight for £250 a-side, and never did anyone witness triumph more complete than fell to Gully that day. If it were urged that Gregson's science had improved under Mendoza, still he had been taught respect for his antagonist's quick and effectual returns, for his pluck and bottom; this rendered him too cautious, and the first round of the fight occupied five minutes, though only one blow took effect. It was indeed a *coup-de-main*, that took the fight out of him for the remainder of the day, and he fell like a log. Odds, 3 to 2 on Gully, though previously even; and the shouts that resounded from an immense number of spectators exceeded any ever heard at similar occurrences. This must have arisen from the prevalent report of an unguarded confident expression used by the fallen man, "that he would not only beat his man, but wear part of him afterwards"—a kind of sentiment little consonant with the right British feeling, of which he was shortly to receive the reproof, in the total neglect of everyone, immediately on his defeat, and at a dinner-table of the house in Market Street, where he lay unattended. We may stop to observe of this battle that the decisive single blow in the first round, which went smack on the left cheek of Gregson, was followed by retaliation in the second round upon the cheat of Gully, sounding like a drum.

In the third Gully parried a tremendous hit with his left arm, which had been already disabled in the former fight, and it never completely recovered. In the sixth round Gregson caught up his opponent by the thighs, Lancashire fashion, and threw him on the ground, which called forth loud execration, but why it should was never known other than from interested motives; was as fair fighting as the cross-buttock then in use. After this to the seventeenth round it all went one way, when Gregson, by advice of Lee, made a Lancashire movement, provincially termed a purr, by running his head foremost in at the belly of his antagonist, whereby not only Gully, but his second and bottle-holder were floored.

If Gregson's second fight terminated unexpectedly to his advantage, no less certain was it that the direct reverse was the case in his other two battles. In these he may be said to have had them snatched from him in the moment of victory; but then it would have been in triumph of strength (brutality) over science, whereas it was seen the direct reverse. And it is a happy circumstance that man is constantly seeking about to perform by skill that which the circumscribed power of the human frame debars him from achieving by mere manual exertion. Hence the great, the manifold inventions and discoveries in the mechanical and other arts in this country particularly, and the promulgation of such new and useful inventions, excelling all other countries, beating France in a canter and all Europe by chalks.

From the same source, in the mind, arises the art (cunning or contrivance) for obtaining the advantage in manual defence, and, as a means of keeping men more upon a par, and inspiring the strongest with a doubt that he may, in a small stranger, catch a Tartar, in the event of being too presumptuous. Gregson is a case in point here. When he came up to London he brought himself the title of "Champion of Lancashire," and assumed that of the whole country; he reckoned upon his prowess, disregarded skill, relied upon his strength, became extremely open to flattery, and was studiously coarse and repulsive in his manner. After his defeats by Gully and Cribb he opened a public-house (1809), calling it a "tavern;" and, unless dealing too largely with Lushington, many of those foibles, which show nature in its roughest mould, were kept under, but occasionally breaking out in terrific bodings of no good aspect. He also learnt to spar tolerably well before he left London, and frequently exhibited at the Fives Court. Upon one of those occasions, in a rally with Jack Fearby, the Young Ruffian (then 15st), both the exhibitors came against the rails with such force as to precipitate it and them into the court, happily without harm to the men, who mounted the stage and sparred on, but to the total derangement of two or three castors, which were "Tom dodded" by the accident. Of the battle Gregson fought with Cribb we dilated pretty largely in our memoirs of Tom last week.

Afterwards, going the wrong side of the post in his speculations upon Fancy Sports, and too generously incurring great expenses in bringing forward any of his countrymen who aspired to pugilistic honours, he was under the necessity of leaving the tavern, and became incarcerated under the Ellenborough keepers, whence he got out by "taking a benefit."

He then made a tour of the land, passing over into Ireland, where, with Sutton and Carter, and occasionally Reynolds, the natives were amused at their exhibitions for a long time.

Unlimited confidence in his own physical powers, and the correspondent reliance upon his acquirements in the art of manual defence, appear to have been the main causes that produced defeat in his endeavours at obtaining pre-eminence in the ring. Yet the public did not find him arrogant; his written correspondence, on the contrary, was mildly deferential, and though he was sometimes personally boisterous, that happened only when the circulation of the glass operated powerfully upon that of the blood. If they did not possess in an eminent degree, the men would not have been requested to visit Somerset House at an expense of two guineas per hour, which was the fee. That he imagined he was a minstrel showed the weakness of his head a little, and had nothing to do with the heart, unless as showing its kindly disposition to be imposed upon by the dinner plaudits of a singing party; the same feature in his character (weakness) and the same species of sycophants persuaded Gregson to appear as a minor author also, and his total failure in that respect is demonstrable in every line.

DAVID WADDELL OF GLASGOW.

Captain of the Northern Amateur Swimming Club.

(With Portrait.)

David Waddell, whose portrait we give on another page, is a swimmer of much power, and has had a very successful career. He has now retired from the amateur ranks, and accepted an appointment as one of the swimming instructors to the School Board of Glasgow.

W. O. HICKOCK OF YALE COLLEGE.

An Athlete who is Champion Collegian at Hammer Throwing and Shot Putting.

(With Portrait.)

Our illustration represents W. O. Hickock, of Yale College, who was a competitor in the International College Sports at Queen's Grounds, in the act of throwing the 56lb weight. He is over 6ft tall, and a member of the University football team. He weighs 15st. He holds both intercollegiate records in the hammer and the shot. He threw the former 123ft 8in, and put the latter 42ft at the Berkeley Oval. Both of these records he has surpassed in practice. At the Queen's Grounds, London, July 16, he won the competition for putting the 16lb shot with a record of 41ft 7½in, and also secured first in throwing the hammer with a score of 110ft 5in. He is champion amongst collegians at weight-throwing.

THOMAS SULLIVAN.

The Hammersmith Publican who is Champion Sculler of Great Britain and New Zealand.

(With Portrait.)

Thomas Sullivan, who holds the championship of New Zealand and England, and is open to meet any man in the world, was born at Auckland, N.Z., September 18, 1869. He is a handsome, muscular, well-mannered and unassuming young fellow. He stands 6ft 1in in height, weighs (in first-class form) 11st 8lb, and measures 42in round the chest. His first race in public was in 1881, when he was thirteen years of age, and the trophy he then won, a silver watch, he still numbers among his proudest possessions. When old enough he joined one of the senior rowing clubs, and as a member of different crews, seniors and juniors, in whaleboats and outriggers, assisted to win numerous events. He beat McKay for the amateur championship of New Zealand, and, acting under the advice of the well-known Captain Falkner, worked diligently to perfect himself in wager boat sculling. He first appeared in Sydney, on the Nepean, on April 4, 1891, when he met George Bubear for £100 a-side, but being seized with cramps in the stomach, collapsed after leading the Englishman at a fast pace for two miles. On May 11 he easily beat Stephenson, of New Zealand, and on the 30th of the same month walked away from Bubear in very fast time. He next met and easily defeated C. Dutch, who gave him five seconds start in a match for £400 over the championship course, when he put up the record time of 18min 45sec, the next best being 19min 53⅘sec. The result showed that, so far from requiring a start from Dutch, he could have given him ten lengths and a jolly good whipping. His last match in Australia was with James Stansbury for £200 a-side and the championship of the world, when he was beaten after one of the best races ever seen on the historic Parramatta. He came to England a little over a year ago, and after difficulties, not the least of which was that of finding backers, succeeded in getting on the match with George Bubear, which he won so easily on Monday, September 25, 1893. Bubear was favourite in the betting, but the Australian took the start at the jump, and led from post to finish, winning by five lengths, with a lot in hand, in 22min 30sec. Sullivan agrees to row Gaudaur a match over the Thames Championship Course, but objects to allowing the American expense money, consenting, however, to make the stakes as large as desired by Gaudaur. Sullivan is settled down at Hammersmith as a publican.

A LUDICROUS GRAVEYARD SCENE.

A Loafer who was Decorated with Flowers by Mischievous Lads.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A ludicrous sight was witnessed recently in a graveyard close to London. A loafer entered the cemetery and lay down to enjoy a peaceful slumber, and when the lads perceived him they immediately procured adornments suitable for the occasion. When the loafer awoke and noticed the manner in which he was decorated he quickly rid himself of the adornments, and made himself scarce in the neighbourhood.

PRAYED WITH GUN IN HAND.

How a Clergyman in the Western States preserved Order in the Congregation.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In Wyoming territory those who attend church are not of the most orderly kind, and when a clergyman says anything not of their turn of mind he naturally anticipates being made a target of. According to report, a revivalist, in holding meetings, invariably holds a revolver in his right hand, and, in giving out his text, notifies the congregation that order must prevail, otherwise he himself will resort to shooting tactics. The rough element know that the clergyman is a determined character, and therefore sit peacefully through the ordeal, though they, too, go well armed.

FOUR ACES DONE THE TRICK.

A Half-Breed who Went Broke on a Good Hand.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In Nevada there is an Indian reservation where considerable gambling is indulged in from time to time. Draw poker is the favourite game, and a half-breed managed to fleece the Indians in the camp of all the money they could lay hands upon. He was suspected of resorting to unfair play, and those whom he had beat at play enlisted into their confidence an expert from a mining camp. The miner and the half-breed began play, and fortunes varied for a time when the visitor rung in a "cold deck," dealing the half-breed four kings, whilst he topped four aces. Betting was spirited, the half-breed staking his revolvers, knife, and a portion of his clothing, and when the "show down" was called for the half-breed gave vent to outbursts of surprise over his misfortune, as he deemed it.

READ "THE MIRROR OF LIFE."

Those who desire to keep posted on matters appertaining to sporting should not fail to read the Mirror of Life weekly. It shall contain from week to week portraits of people prominent in all branches of sporting, a thorough review of boxing, pedestrianism, aquatics, and gossip of men of olden times. All articles will be just, and bestow credit where credit is due.

The portraits and sketches of stage celebrities of this country and the United States, with occasional gossip of the new features presented at different music-halls throughout the kingdom, will not be the least attractive in the journal.

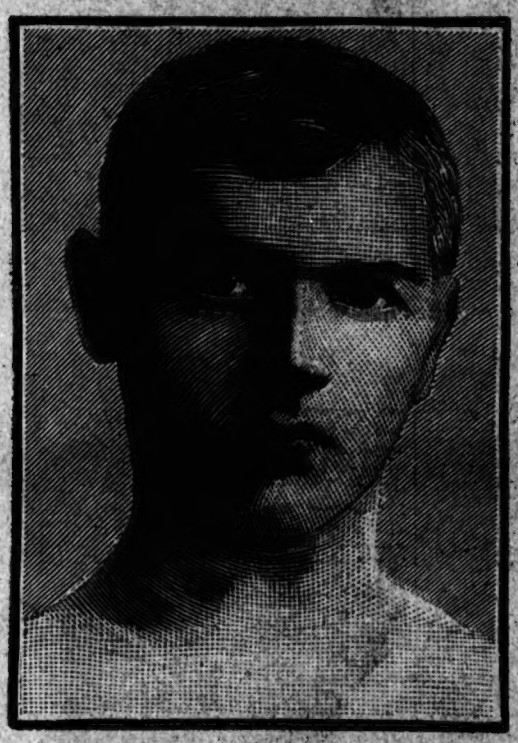
The utmost care will be taken not to publish in any portion of the paper anything that borders upon lewdness or immorality. Advertisements of a questionable character will not be accepted because they have a tendency to degrade and corrupt. The Mirror of Life is in the field as a thorough illustrated sporting journal, pure and simple and the encouragement it has received is sufficient to guarantee a success.

MISS CALLIE FRENCH.

The Only Female Pilot in the World.

A LUDICROUS GRAVEYARD SCENE.

A Loafer who was Decorated with Flowers by Mischievous Lads.

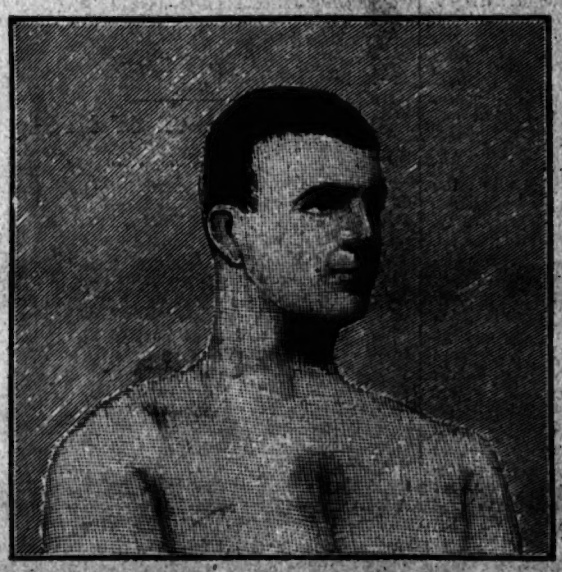


STEVE SMITH.

A Promising North London Pugilist who can fight at 8st 6lb.

REFUSED TO BE INTIMIDATED.

A Woman who Feared not Death and Defied Outlaws to do their worst.

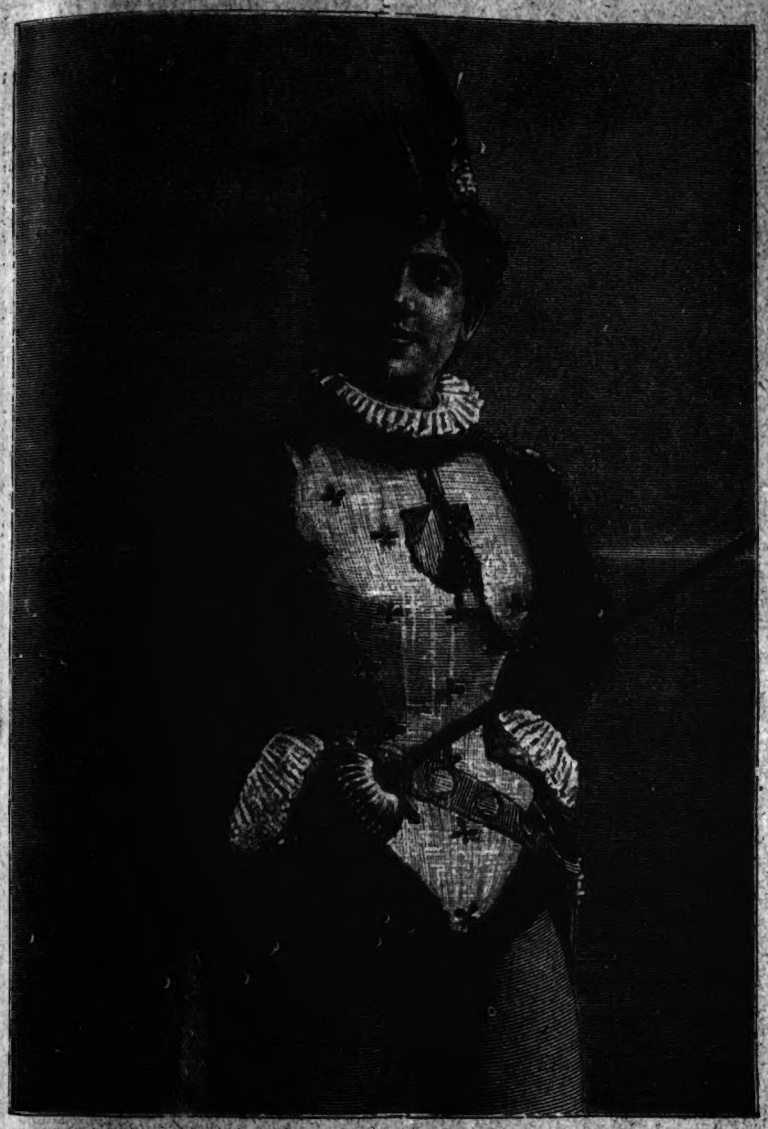


YOUNG GRIFFO.

The Clever Australian Feather-Weight who Fought Jack McAuliffe.

FOUR ACES DONE THE TRICK.

A Half-Breed who Went Broke on a Good Hand.



MAUD DALTON.

A Pretty and Talented Young Singer Who Plays in Light Opera.

GEORGIE BLAKE.

A Favourite American Burlesque Artiste.

W. O. HICKOCK, OF YALE COLLEGE.

An Athlete who is Champion Collegian at Hammer Throwing and Shot Putting.

KNEW WHEN HE HAD ENOUGH.—A Scotch farmer, celebrated in his neighbourhood for his strength and skill in athletic exercises, frequently had the pleasure of fighting people who, led by curiosity, came to try if they could settle him or not. A certain lord of fistic aspirations paid him a visit, and, approaching the farmer, said:

"Friend, I have heard it told that you were a great athlete. I've come a long way to take you on at wrestling."

The Scotchman, without answering, seized the noble lord about the body and hurled him into a ditch, and returned to his work. On rising the farmer asked him if he had not had enough.

"Ah, yes," replied the nobleman; "but I have to ask you one more favour, and that is to throw me my horse."

FOUGHT AND WHIPPED A BULLDOG.—Because a man is born a gentleman that is no reason why he should not be a fighter, and a game one too. In Shropshire some years ago there resided a gentleman who was extremely fond of bulldogs, and was also possessed of a pet bear. Returning to his house in a disguised state one day, one of the dogs bit him in the calf of the leg. This so angered him that he ordered his servant to bring the canine into his stable, and stripping off his coat he immediately set out to fight the dog with his fists. Being cornered the dumb animal fought back, and for fully an hour it was a case of which would succumb first. By constant pounding upon the nose the dog became so exhausted that he fell over, only to be strangled to death. The gentleman didn't escape unscathed, his forearms and hands being badly lacerated, though he uttered not a word of complaint, being apparently content with the victory he had achieved.

JUDGE NOT BY APPEARANCES.—Walking through the High Road, Lewisham, the other evening was a grey-haired gentleman of stately appearance. He was none other than a retired American pugilist, who was visiting friends in this country. When near Church Street he perceived a party of four corner loafers assaulting a gentleman who, like himself, was a stranger to that section. The retired pugilist stepped up to the party and expostulated with them for interfering with a man who was going about his business. Such frank expressions as the pugilist gave vent to evidently offended the ruffians, because one of them made a lunge at the veteran, who, however, dodged the blow and landed one that sent the loafer down. Without further warning the aged pugilist levelled each one in turn, and as fast as they got to their feet they scampered off, excepting the last one who was struck. He showed fight, and was severely punished. Lying in the street, content not to come again, he exclaimed: "I'll be blowed, four on us got a hiding from that blooming grey-headed bloke wots a gentleman."

OBJECTED TO RED HAIR.—The following is a copy of a matrimonial advertisement published in a magazine in London over sixty years ago:—

"A gentleman residing in one of the principal hunting countries, of middle age and sportsmanlike manners, is desirous of uniting himself to a lady possessing a passion for field sports. Fortune or beauty are not the object of the advertiser; the former, if any, may be settled upon the lady, and as to the latter, though not an objection, it nevertheless is not a primary object. Good humour, a small foot, and an easy seat on horseback are the principal qualifications required. As this is the advertisement of a fox, and not a fortune hunter, it is hoped that no one will answer it out of idle curiosity. Every respect will be paid to real applications, addressed to X. Y. Z., 47, Paternoster Row, London, and the utmost secrecy may be relied upon.

"P.S.—None with red hair need apply."

MADE THE FIGHTER BACK OUT.—A good story is told about a certain professional pugilist who was travelling with a boxing booth in the South of England a few years back. He had been lauded up as a coming champion, and feared nothing in the shape of a man when it came to a bout with or without gloves. Standing in front of a booth one day, he was approached by a swell who agreed to take him on for a round or two. It looked a good thing for the fighter, and he felt elated over the prospect of being afforded an opportunity to flop out a mug. The swell stripped to the waist, let his braces dangle down, turned up the bottom of his trousers, adjuted a glass in one eye, and then intimated that he was prepared for the fray, at the same time putting up his hands in a manner that would have done credit to a full-fledged professional for style.

The fighter stepped back, scanned the swell carefully, and then remarked:

"'Ere, you, take that bally glass outer yer peeper!"

"Don't worry, old chap," responded the swell; "there is no occasion for me to discard the eyeglass. I've yet to find the man clever enough to land on my face or stand up under my blows for a full round."

This set the fighter thinking for a moment, and, starting to doff the gloves, he exclaimed:

"I'll be blowed if you will out me. I'll not be taken down by any amachure, and strike me if the gaffer won't 'ave to find some other bloke to take you on."

The swell then quit the stage, and, on leaving the booth, was heard to remark that his bluff had worked for the eighth time, and the nearest he had ever come to boxing was to stand before a mirror every day till he had studied a professional style of putting up his hands as though to fight.

WALK BEFORE STARTING.—Some years ago the race cards of a race meeting contained the following paragraph: "Horses are requested to walk in front of the stand before starting." No doubt in those days horses could read, or at least so thought the man who produced the card.

FRANK CRAIG, THE COFFEE COOLER.

America's Representative Middle-Weight Matched to Fight John O'Brien of Cardiff.

(With Portrait.)

FRANK CRAIG, the Coffee Cooler, is about due in England. He comes here to take on John O'Brien, the Welsh champion, in a twenty-round contest at 11st 4lb. He is the best of the representative middle-weights of the States, and the only man whom he bars when challenging the world to a fight is Bob Fitzsimmons. The Cooler is accompanied by his friend and adviser Denny Butler, who himself is a clever boxer and swimmer.

— That Mr. T. Webster, the Glasgow photographer who makes a specialty of taking portraits of professional people, is sojourning at Portobello, near Edinburgh.

— That Harry E. Cleveland, the sporting writer, has again started a paper at Birmingham in the interest of football.

— That Robert George Hardie, of Notting Hill, is the latest aspirant for championship honours at rapid shaving, and he holds a good record as a first class man at the game.

— That J. H. Tyers, of Manchester, is the greatest amateur swimmer England has ever produced.

— That Will Low and W. Cowan are to box twenty rounds at the Drill Hall, Sheffield, for a purse of £10 and a bet of a similar sum, September 10.

— That we shall shortly introduce new features in THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and they will be fully appreciated by all sportsmen.

— That Frank Craig, the coffee cooler, and John O'Brien will not fight on October 1, but on a later date.

— That Frank Craig is due to reach London September 5.

— That in a standing back jump at Oldham recently J. Wilson cleared 9ft 10in, and beat W. E. Law for a stake of £10 a-side.

— That at Bury the other day R. Wilkinson easily gained two successive falls from J. Walders in a wrestling match, Lancashire style, for £10.

— That A. Bostock, in receipt of two yards start from R. Stirling, won a 100-yards race at Ardwick Grounds, August 27, for a gold medal and a wager of £10.

— That Dick Moore and John L. Cattanach, heavy weights, box ten rounds at Providence, U.S.A., September 7, for a purse.

— That Stanton Abbott's name has lost all its attraction with the Yankees as a pugilist since his defeat, and he should now return and fulfil his broken contract with the National Sporting Club.

— That the MIRROR OF LIFE is without a doubt the most readable sporting paper published, and contains only news interesting to everybody.

— That Tommy Ryan, the champion 10st pugilist of America, is to fight Billy Layton at St. Joseph, Missouri, September 14, for 4,000dols.

— That when you feel low spirited peruse the columns of the MIRROR OF LIFE, and it will drive all dull cares away.

— That we took another step forward last week, and this issue will mean one more rise in our circulation.

— That Charles Waugh, the Newmarket trainer, was married the other day to Miss Edwards.

— That Miss Callie French, of St. Louis, has been made a United States pilot for vessels on the Mississippi River. She is twenty-two years old, and knows the river thoroughly from St. Louis to New Orleans.

— That Harry Hill, a hairdresser, was fined £20 and costs at Scarborough for using his premises for betting purposes.

— That a fine of £15 and costs was levied upon John D. Godfree, a baker, at Brighton, for using his shop for betting purposes.

— That at Newport, Rhode Island, U.S.A., August 27, Mr. Goodbody, the Irish tennis player, defeated Mr. Learned, and won the All-Comers Tennis Championship, but the day following he was beaten by Mr. Wrenn, the American champion.

— That at the Coventry Baths Miss B. Thorne won a 120-yards ladies' swimming race.

AN exceedingly modest young lady, desiring a leg of chicken at the table, said:

"I'll take the part that ought to be dressed in drawers."

A nice young man who sat opposite immediately said:

"I'll take the part which ought to wear the bustle!"

GEORGE WINTERS, OF ROTHERHITHE.

A Clever 1st 12lb. Pugilist, always prepared to Fight.

(With Portrait.)

GEORGE WINTERS, of Rotherhithe, was born at Camberwell in 1874, stands 5ft 4in tall, and weighs, in ring costume, at 7st 12lb. He took to boxing in 1891, when he beat Tom Tisdale in three rounds. His subsequent performances are as follows: Beaten by T. Wheeler, twelve rounds; beat T. Wheeler, seven rounds; beat Jem Clark twice, in eight and six rounds respectively; beaten by Patsey Lynch, six rounds; beat G. Gregory twice, six and eight rounds respectively; beat Dan Brown, seven rounds; beat Charley Alford three times, in six, eight, and twelve rounds respectively; won 7st 6lb competition at Lambeth School of Arms; runner-up to Alf Garrett, a 10st man, in a competition at the Exchange Gymnasium; beat Alf Goddard, six rounds; beat H. Whealdon, four rounds; was beaten by B. Hood, eight rounds; beat Bert Bolton, of St. George's, twelve rounds, for £30, Lambeth School of Arms; beat B. Pegram, six rounds; beat Jem Clark, six rounds; beaten by Ted Daley, six rounds; won F. Hinde's £15 competition at St. Andrew's Hall, disposing of Nunc Wallace, C. Smith, and H. Camis in the trial and final bouts; beaten by Jem Knowles, nine rounds, for £20; was runner-up to Sid Phillips in the open competition at Jem Macoa's show, defeating T. Pickard and A. Buckingham in the trial bouts.

Winters is open to take on Hiram Cutler or any other lad in England at 7st 12lb.

TRIED TO PREVENT THE MARRIAGE.

A Jilted Girl who Exposed a Profligate at the Altar and was Forcibly Ejected.

(Subject of Illustration.)

SOME cruel and heartless young men think it displays cleverness to jilt as many girls as possible in the course of a year, and they have no regard for the consequences. Take girls as a rule, they soon forget their troubles, and in many instances start on the downward path to destruction. An unusual incident transpired in a town not many miles from Cardiff recently, that will not readily be effaced from the memory of those who were present to witness the affair. A young profligate had been paying attentions to a modest girl of poor but highly-respectable parents, and it was the gossip of the town that the pair would sooner or later get married. Three months ago a coolness cropped up, and the gay Lothario's visits became few and far between. In the meantime he took up with another young lady, and it resulted in an engagement in marriage. The day the pair walked up to the altar in the church where the knot was to be tied, the jilted one rushed into the house of worship and forbade the ceremony being performed. The bride went into hysterics, whilst the bridegroom accepted the situation as a common occurrence, and requested the clergyman to hasten matters. A police officer was called in, and with the aid of the caretaker the unruly maiden was expelled. The profligate is condemned by nearly every one in the town, and they all sympathise not only with the unfortunate girl, but the one who is tied to the wretch for the remainder of her days.

GEORGE BURRY.

A Wood Green Athlete who Promises to Become a Speedy Runner.

(With Portrait.)

GEORGE BURRY is a son of the veteran sportsman who trained Magnano when that celebrated dog won the Waterloo Cup in 1874. He was born in Wood Green 19 years ago, and took to running a few years back, during which time he has attracted considerable attention because of his successes in races at Enfield, Whitstone, Winchmore, and Wood Green, at distances ranging from 100 to 220 yards. His father feels justly proud of the lad, and takes great pride in the many trophies the youngster has won. At the Palace grounds, last Bank Holiday, he won his trial heat in the handicap, and in the final he was set back for a false start, the penalty practically spoiling his prospects of victory. Young Burry will, with good training, become a speedy runner for short distances.

GEORGIE BLAKE.

A Favourite American Burlesque Artiste.

(With Portrait.)

MISS GEORGIE BLAKE is one of the favourite artistes who appears in burlesque. She is a woman of excellent form, and by her attractive ways she has enjoyed much success on the stage.

HER brow was like the snowdrift,
Her throat was like the swan,
When she'd bought complexion powders
And strewed them thickly on.

TURF NOTES.

DERBY SEPTEMBER.

SANDOWN PARK.

THE BREEDERS' ST LEGER.

THE MICHAELMAS STAKES.

FINALS.

TRAINERS who have had an anxious time with some of their young charges may now be rewarded by seeing the particular youngster in fettle to go to the post. Their past backwardness may, in many instances, account for a reversal of form, for those who came to hand at the commencement of the year have gained brackets, which, with any additional impost, may release them when opposed to their more favoured opponents, and thus give a chance to some of the dark division to pay their corn bill. The nurseries which are to be contested this week will bring out some good class horses, and fields should, in point of numbers, be well attended. In the case of the Devonshire Nursery, which will be disputed over the five furlongs at Derby to-day, of the original fifty but twenty-three remain in, and as some stables are doubly represented, about half this number may be expected to face the starter. La Sagesse has been in constant work since the commencement of the season at Lincoln, and, one of the first to gain honours, she may not be able to present the Brocklesby Stakes winner with 10lb, because a head only divided Fabia from Ella Tweed, who won that coveted trophy. This pair must certainly hold the Wisdom and St. Mary filly safely, and even at their best these may find Pardalo and Pet of the Chase tough customers. Newsmonger and Donna Bella are both spoken of with regard to this event, and at headquarters it is expected that one of the two will be returned the winner; there is but little to choose between them, what there is may be in favour of the filly, who, I think, will prove the best. In the handicap line we have Low Moor, who won the Derbyshire Stakes over this course last April, and again figures in the Chatsworth Stakes; on that occasion he experienced but little difficulty in placing it to his credit, and although the stable have Houndsditch engaged in the same interest, if sent the first-named will be the best to follow. Of those in the lower division, Modra looks like being exceptionally handy in this company, where such as Street Singer are called upon to carry a welter. Convent is sadly falling behind, and her more recent display does not incline to enhance her prospect. Royal Hazel declined an engagement last week, and may do later; but Alfragan should see the post because the distance would just suit him, so that in selecting three to supply the first flight, the latter, with Modra and Low Moor, if chosen by the stable in preference to Houndsditch, will be near the mark. The Breeders' St. Leger Stakes may entice Kora, whose improved form may enable him to again get home, providing no ill effect be felt after his severe finish with Basildon in the Great Yorkshire Stakes last week. Simonburn, who divided favouritism with Galloping Dick for that event, hardly ran up to expectation, the mile and three-quarters probably being beyond his tether, so that running must be passed over; the distance here being a mile, and his weight favourable, he will certainly be a difficult nut to crack. Galloping Dick, whose friends always turn up so faithfully to support him, must be passed over, but one on the same mark, Chin Chin, is better. St. Aidan, Clwyd, and Grania have fair chances, but Simonburn should account for all these and be returned the winner. Sauteur, over this course, beat the speedy filly Fabia, and will go close for the Harrington Stakes. Blairfettie, who is entered in more than one event, may be seen out for this, and Carlton Grange, in the latter's absence, may be next in order. In the Rangemore Stakes Blairfettie, with or without a penalty, will account for the others, and may be followed home by Seaside and Tain, who may secure situations. The Hartington Handicap will be the principal item on the card on Thursday, Quidnunc, Barberry, and Minting Queen look a likely trio from which to anticipate the placings. Barberry, who last year placed this to the credit of Mr. Vyner, is again given the chance to secure the prize for the second time, and the confidence of her connections will, I think, be rewarded. The Elvaston Nursery Plate may fall to Sardis or Sunfish; Lord Ullin, Catkin, Bended Knees, and Ritto are among the best known of the remainder, and as the first-named is in good trim Matthews may lead in the winner. The Kedleston Plate, run over the Straight Mile, which is considered an easy one, may go to the same stable by the aid of Malchus; Pot Luck will here attempt to get back some of his purchase money for Lord Durham, and Good Lad with this indifferent company may be equal to place honours.

To those who attend Sandown Park on Friday the best of sport will be witnessed in the September Nursery, where Jack Spinner, Gallic, and Jaunting Car are each fancied by their stables; it remains to be seen if they will oppose each other. Sixteen comprised the number who did battle the last time, and nearly the same figures may be reached when the numbers go up for this event. I shall pin my faith to the Chiltern trained candidate. Overcast or Merrywise, in a small field, are the best in the North Surrey Handicap. The Cottage Plate will hardly attract six runners, and St. David, if sent, should win. In his absence I would depend on Medicis and Lower Boy, but all present The Saint will win.

For the Michaelmas Stakes Whiston heads the list, and is followed with a few pounds less by Freak. This one and Featherstone, who may improve on his second to Bentworth, look a dangerous pair. Galiana will be the chosen of Hayhoe, but the issue will be left to Featherstone or Freak. Two-thirds of the number have paid forfeit for the Carington Handicap on Saturday, where Pot Luck could again settle the account. Below, with a run, may be found the various finals that may prove successful:—

DERBY.

WEDNESDAY.

The Devonshire Nursery,
Donna Bella or **Newsmonger.**

The Harrington Stakes.
Sauteur.

The Breeders' St. Leger Stakes,

Simonburn	...	1
Clwyd	... ...	2
St. Aidan	... ..	3

The Chatsworth Stakes,
Low Moor or **Modra.**

THURSDAY.

The Hartington Stakes,
Barberry.

The Rangemore Stakes,
Blairfettie.

The Elvaston Nursery,
Sardis.

The Kedleston Plate,
Malchus.

SANDOWN PARK.

The September Nursery.

Jack Spinner	...	1
Gallic	... ...	2
Pyjama	... ...	3

The North Surrey Welter.
Overcast.

The Cottage Plate,
St. David.

The Michaelmas Stakes.

Freak	... ...	1
Featherstone	...	2
Galiana	... ..	3

SATURDAY.

The Carington Handicap,
Pot Luck.

The Members' Plate,
Winford.

Olympian Handicap,
Cetus.

The Abbey Plate,
Conflicor.

CHALK.

THOMAS CANNON.

The Champion Mixed-Style Wrestler of Great Britain.

(With Portrait.)

TOM CANNON is a native of Tyldesley, Lancashire, England. He was born on April 19, 1852, and as a boy worked in a coal mine, where he soon developed a considerable amount of muscle, and won several local matches in Tyldesley and Manchester. At the age of 23 he joined the Metropolitan Police Force in London and served about six months. He then resigned to take up as a profession wrestling, securing several engagements in the music halls in London in 1876. Since that time he has travelled in the provinces of America, Australia, and India, and the Continent, and all the British dominions, both giving exhibitions and meeting all the foremost wrestlers of each country, as he travelled through on his tour, in the classic style of wrestling which is Græco-Roman. Cannon's last engagement was on August 27, at Hengler's Circus, Liverpool, when he defeated Tom McInerney, of Rochester, U.S.A., gaining two falls at Græco-Roman style and the match. Cannon has met all the crack wrestlers of the world, including such men as Professor Miller, Evan Lewis, D. C. Ross, G. Rasso, German champion, Donald Dinnie, William Muldoon, Anton Pierrie, J. Hudson, and Pietro Dilmas.

ALBERT GRIFFITHS (YOUNG GRIFFO).

The Clever Australian Feather-Weight who Fought Jack McAuliffe.

(With Portrait.)

ACCORDING to the decision rendered the other day, records will show that Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight, was declared a winner over Young Griffo, the Australian feather-weight, in a ten-round contest near New York, but those who know the true facts will readily acknowledge that Griffo was wrongly treated. McAuliffe was clearly out-fought, and in no way entitled to the verdict. Griffo's proper name is Albert Griffiths. He is one of the cleverest boxers that ever put on a glove, for hand and head work together like clockwork, and though he has been welted and belted for a round or two by dozens of big lumps of fellows, always wears them out and comes out on top smiling. Griffo is 22 years of age, and was born "on the rocks" at Miller's Point, Sydney, Australia. When a mere lad he was matched to fight Bob O'Neil, and beat him (Queensberry Rules) in 15 rounds of hard battling. His next battle was with the "raw 'uns," with a lad named Francis, and he made the lad quit in seven rounds. He fought Pluto, of Melbourne, three times, each contest resulting in a draw. His next battle was an eight-round go with McShane, a much heavier lad, and a draw resulted. He met Michie, 28 pounds heavier, and drew an eight-round go with him. Lawrence, 21 pounds heavier, ditto. Billy Murphy undertook to stop him in four rounds, and failed. Griffo then won Sam Matthews's 10st competition, he weighing 8st, and gaining the gold medal. Then he went to Adelaide, where he beat Chappie in three rounds, and Smith, of Port Adelaide, in four. Returning to Sydney he fought an eight-round draw with Ambrose Taylor, who scaled 9st 4lb. Young O'Brien, of Queensland, undertook to stop the boy in eight rounds, but was nearly stopped himself, and then later Griffo had him dead to the world and bleeding like a pig in a second eight-round contest when corners were called for the last time. He beat the Kiama pet in one and a-half rounds, Doss Paterson in three rounds, and fought a twenty-round draw with Abe Willis, whom he beat later in three rounds. Ed. Seymour then came at him with 9st 4lb pugilist Jim Dempsey, and Griffo beat him bad in twelve rounds. Young Sandy Ross went down before the unbeatable in four rounds, and Lewis fell out in three rounds; Lane in one and a-half, Sullivan in three and a-half, Holden (of Parramatta) in twelve rounds. Then he went to Melbourne again to fight Pluto in the Amateur Athletic Club for a £100 purse, and after seventy rounds the fight was declared a draw, and the boys divided the purse. He then met Nipper Peakes, a 9st lad, and deservedly considered the cleverest at his weight in Australia, perhaps, in an eight-round fight for the feather-weight championship, to be decided by points. Griffo won this handily, and it was after his return to Sydney that he dished Willis, as above, in three fast rounds. Griffo then met George McKenzie, rated the cleverest light-weight ever seen in Australia. McKenzie endeavoured to stop Griffo in four rounds, but failed in the attempt. Griffo beat Young Godfrey in four rounds at Sydney, and a little later he knocked out Young Patterson, in two rounds, at Melbourne, Australia. On June 12, 1890, a pug named McLeod undertook to knock him out in fifteen rounds, but Griffo turned the tables on him, knocking him out in two rounds. At Sydney, November 14, Griffo knocked out Paddy Moran in thirteen rounds. Griffo received his first world-wide reputation September 3, 1890, when he met Billy Murphy, feather-weight champion. Griffo made him quit in the 16th round. On March 12, 1891, Griffo defeated George Powell at Sydney, Australia, in 19 rounds. Murphy and Griffo again met at Sydney, July 22, 1891, and in the 22nd round Griffo was given the award on a foul. Mickey McCarthy was next brought forward, but Griffo ended his aspirations in four rounds at Melbourne, March 22, 1892. On May 17, 1892, Griffo attempted to stop Mick Ryan in eight rounds at Sydney, but failed. At Sydney, July 25, 1892, Griffo met Jim Barrow, and a draw was declared in the 22nd round. At the same place, on November 8, Griffo boxed Martin Denny 25 rounds to a draw. Probably Griffo's hardest opponent to date has been Jerry Marshall, a New York negro, whom Griffo met twice in Australia. Griffo received both awards, but they added not to his reputation, as the coloured boy seemed to have the best of the first event, a twelve-round bout, and in the second the coon lost on a foul, as Griffo's crowd started a free fight. Since reaching the States he has whipped Ike Weir the Spider, and boxed drawn battles with Johnny Griffin and George Dixon. His encounter with McAuliffe may be served up as a defeat, but Griffo was the best of the two at the end of the contest. When in condition Griffo can whip any man in the world at even weight. He is not a hard hitter, but is the cleverest fighter and best judge of distance of any man that ever donned a boxing glove.

HERBERT A. BARKER.

A Well-known Bone-setter who is located at Manchester.

(With Portrait.)

ACCORDING to Herbert A. Barker, of Manchester, bone-setters are born and not made. His duty don't restrict him to setting broken bones, that being a secondary portion of his profession. He is supposed to be a natural anatomist, so says Mr. Barker, who practises on the principles of the celebrated Robert Hutton. Years ago men in remote country districts, where doctors were not to be found, acquired great skill in setting bones and adjusting dislocations. They were the original bone-setters, but they worked under disadvantages and without anatomical knowledge to guide them. Their methods were crude, but the renowned Hutton family thoroughly mastered the difficult art, and so established one of the finest and most interesting of professions.

"Bone-setters," says Barker, "are not yet doctors, but they will soon, I hope, have to obtain diplomas of proficiency. We are anatomists. Ours is a special branch of science, very imperfectly understood by the medical profession generally. Indeed, I frequently have doctors as patients. Bone-setting is our special study, and it often falls to our lot to undo the bad work done by doctors."

"How long must one study in your profession?"

"It is not attained by study, but by natural gift. Without this inborn aptitude no amount of study will make a man a bone-setter. There is a knack about the work that cannot be taught. I have tried in vain to teach men. If I see a shoulder out of joint I can tell at once the kind of dislocation it is without touching it; or, if I should see a person walking lame in the street, I know by the movement which joint is affected and which of the muscles are not acting."

"Do not different professions and occupations affect the muscles considerably?"

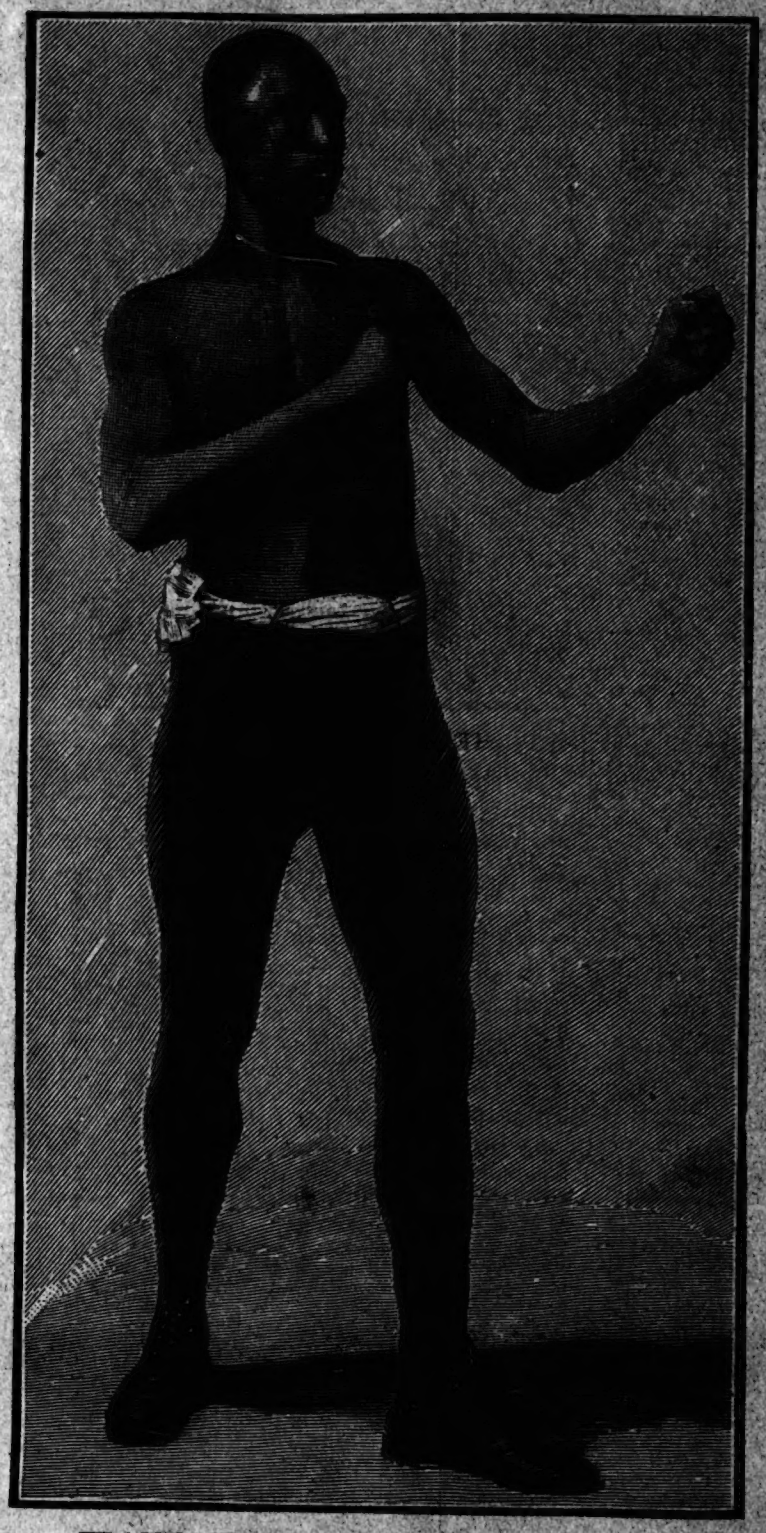
"Oh, greatly. Prize-fighters and athletes are among the most frequent visitors of the bone-setter. It is a curious fact about pugilists, that though they can bear any amount of pain when in the ring, they are great cowards at enduring suffering passively. Some of them 'go for' the operator in real earnest. I get a great many cricketers who injure one of the large extensor muscles by bowling overhand. Sometimes they put out one of the small bones of the wrist. Then there is the "tennis arm," a slight displacement of a ligament which becomes elongated, and fills up with fibrous matter, and this pressing on the nerves causes much pain. In such cases I put the arm in hot water, and gradually work the limb, wearing the matter out by a reverse action to that which produced it. Cycling cases are, of course, very common."

"They usually get a displacement of the cartilage of the knee. Wrestlers seek my aid, too, with either the ankle, the knee, or the shoulder affected. Rowing men bring on themselves dislocations of the muscles of the shoulders and slippings of the tendons of the biceps. Steeplechasing is the most dangerous sport, and football perhaps the next. Athletes of every description patronise the bone-setter. Jockeys are frequently under treatment. The hapless Archer, when his hand was so severely injured, was completely cured by Mr. Hutton. An American jockey injured his spine, but in one spell of manipulation I put him right, and he rode in an important race the next day."

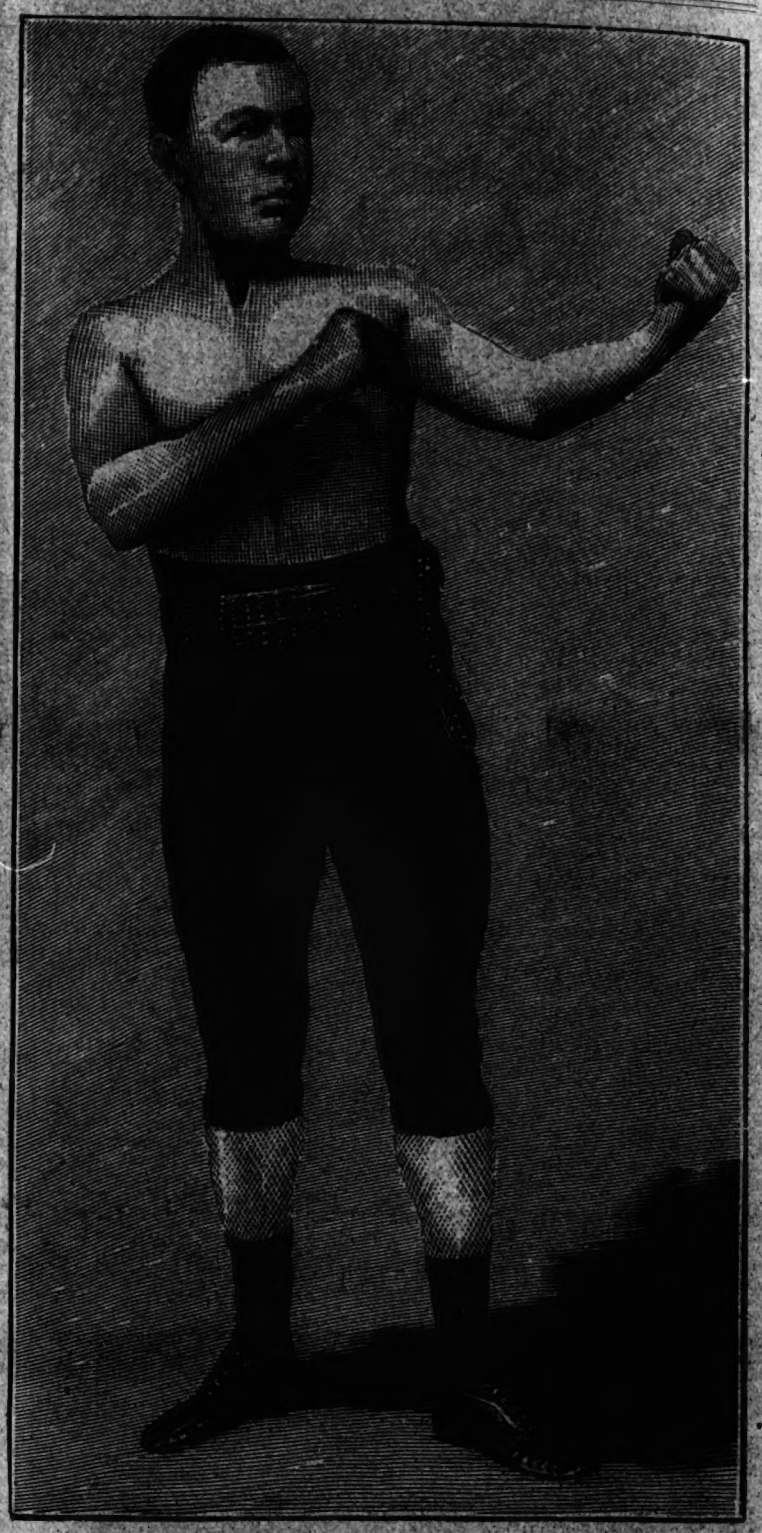
"It is not only athletes who are glad to avail themselves of the knack, skill, and scientific knowledge of the expert bone-setter, but people of every rank, some of whom have had their shoulders out of joint for years. A great many shoulder cases come from the hospitals, chiefly draymen, carters, &c. The treatment of the bone-setter differs from that of the ordinary medical man, inasmuch as he does not require the sufferer to lie on his back for months. Then, again, the bone-setter, instead of cutting tendons, will in cases of clubfoot lengthen and get them perfectly straight by gradually working them and recovering their mechanical action. Inflammation of the joints gives him no trouble, for by judicious motion he will reduce it in a very short time. Most sprains are curable in a week or so.

"I prepare broken legs so that they may be put to the ground, for the recovery takes place in one-third the time if you maintain the natural circulation in the limb. I have had great success in setting broken legs in racehorses, also in injured tendons."

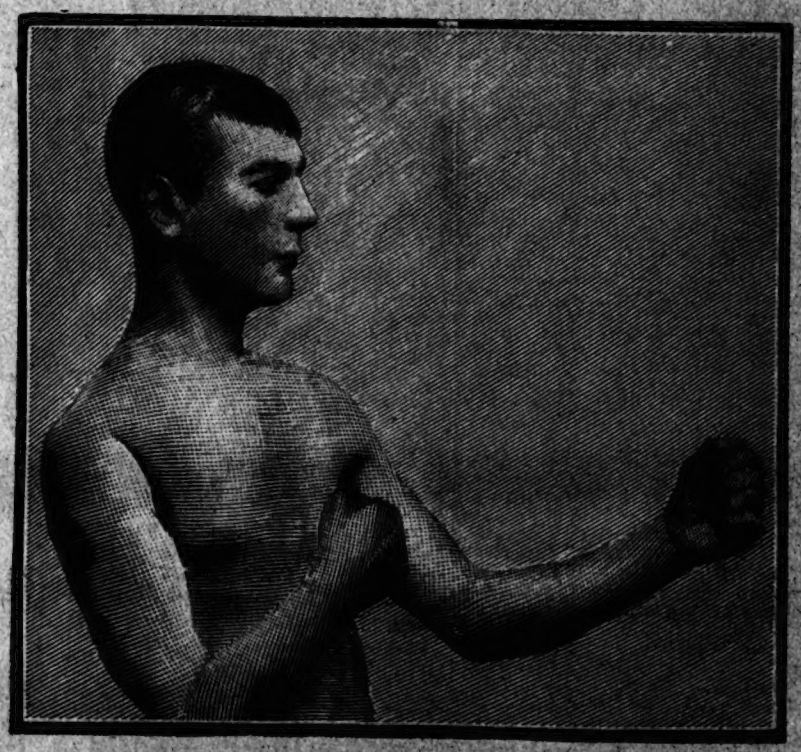
TOM CANNON and Tom McInerney engaged in a mixed wrestling match at Liverpool on August 27, making the third time they have met. Cannon won on the first occasion, and McInerney on the second. The third contest was won by Cannon, who gained both the falls at Græco-Roman style, whilst McInerney secured the catch-as-catch-can bout. Nothing short of the world's championship was advertised to have been in abeyance and the paltry sum of £100 a-side.



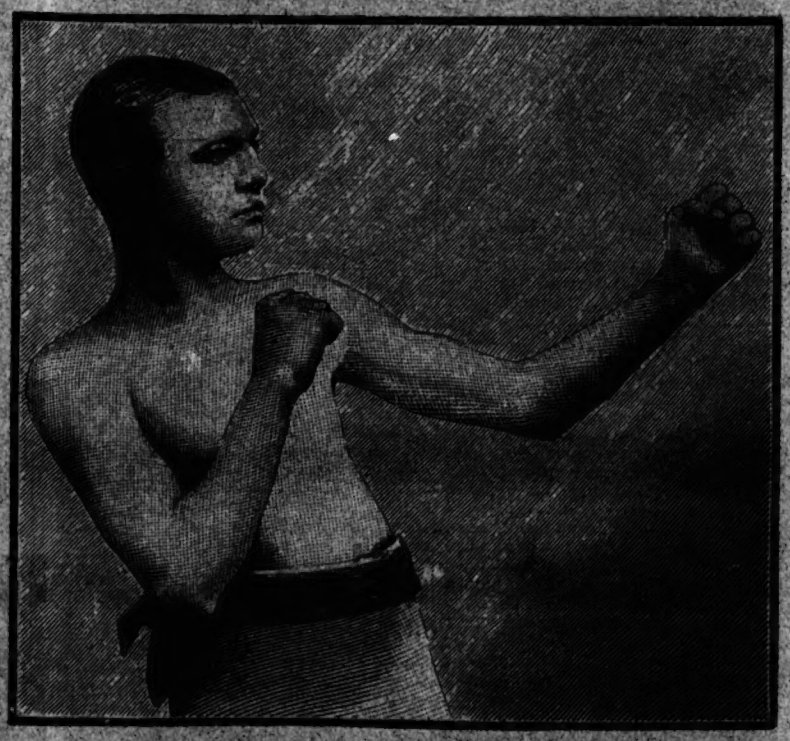
FRANK CRAIG, THE COFFEE COOLER.
America's Representative Middle-Weight Matched to Fight John O'Brien of Cardiff.



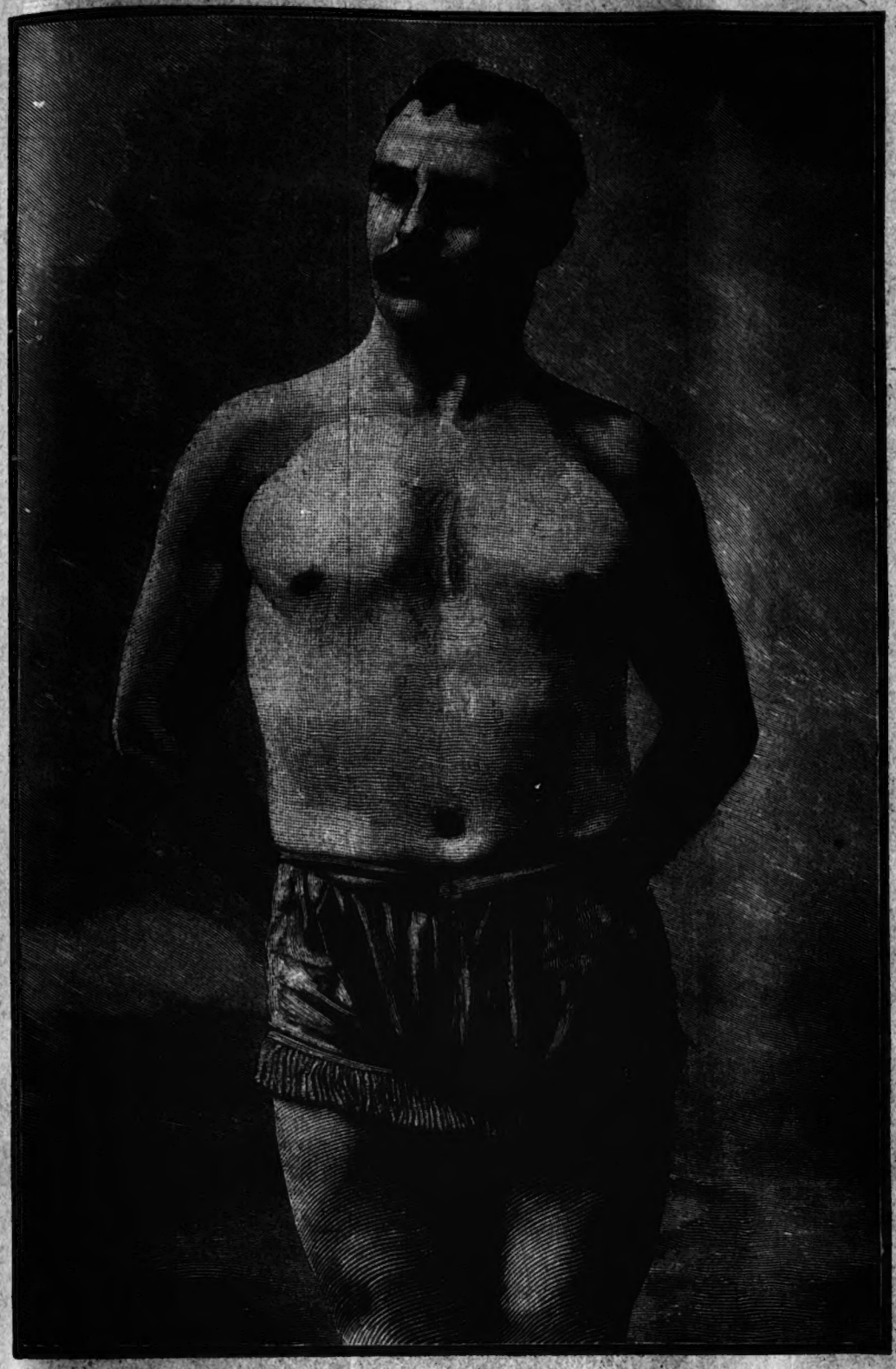
ARTHUR CALLAN, OF WOOD GREEN.
A Game 9st 6lb Pugilist, always Open to Meet All Comers.



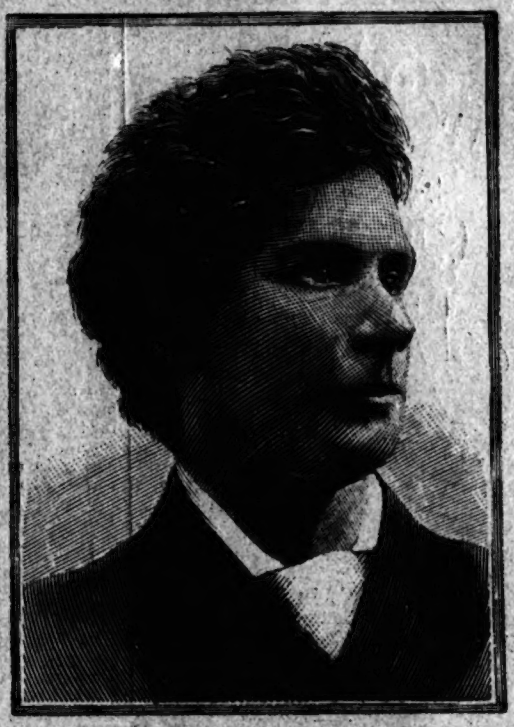
GEORGE WINTERS, OF ROTHERHITHE.
A Clever 7st 12lb Pugilist always Prepared to Fight.



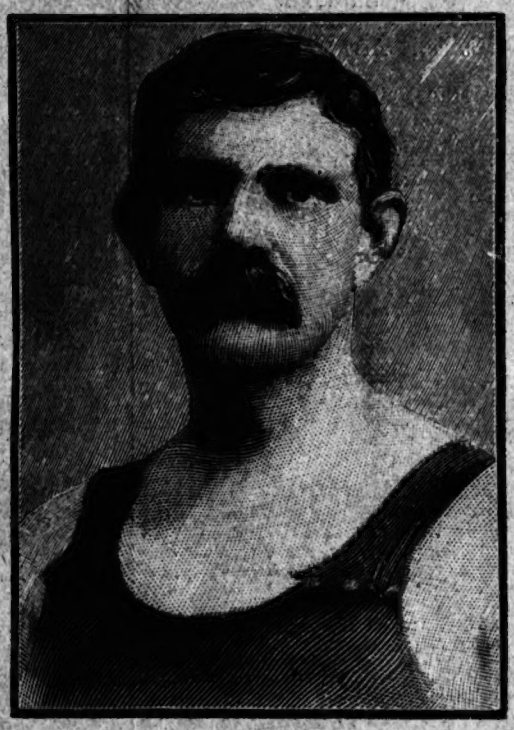
FRED OAKLEY.
A Clever Liverpool Pugilist who Performs on the Music Hall Stage.



THOMAS CANNON.
The Champion Mixed-Style Wrestler of Great Britain.



HERBERT A. BARKER.
A Well-known Bone Setter who is Located at Manchester.



DAVID WADDELL OF GLASGOW.
Captain of the Northern Amateur Swimming Club.

THOMAS SULLIVAN.
The Hammersmith Publican who is Champion Sculler of Great Britain and New Zealand.

GEORGE BURRY.
A Wood Green Athlete who Promises to Become a Speedy Runner.

McAuliffe in Luck.

Griffo does Superior Fighting.

Wronged by the Referee.

Abbott's Knock Out.

Curley's Effective Work on Sullivan.

Corbett Afraid of Jackson.

Has Peter Quit Davies?

It is better to be born lucky than wealthy, because luck born in a man is sure to stay by him, whilst wealth is flighty, and apt to forsake the possessor at any time. Jack McAuliffe belongs to the class that inherits good fortune, as has been proven all through his career, and particularly demonstrated in his contest with Al Griffiths, known as Young Griffo, the Australian, at the Seaside Athletic Club, near New York City, August 27.

* * *

The first professional contest in which McAuliffe engaged in was at Boston, in 1886, against Billy Frazier, and through a lack of courage on the part of the latter, who quit in the 21st round, Mac scored a win. Scaling 10st 5lb he fought and defeated Harry Gilmour, a 9st man. He was to fight Frazier a second time, but the latter flunked out, and McAuliffe got the purse. When he fought Carney he had for a following the very worst type of cut-throats ever corralled in one building at a time. McAuliffe got a good whipping, but nothing worse than a draw was given in by the referee, when the McAuliffe following invaded the ring.

* * *

His matches with Jimmy Carroll and Billy Myer have been won through pure luck, and now in his last venture he was lucky enough to own the referee. Griffo, though an 8st 10lb lad, took McAuliffe on for ten rounds at catch weights. McAuliffe was not seen at his best, but Griffo proved to be wonderfully smart, and repeatedly broke through his opponent's defence.

In the first round Griffo landed quickly upon McAuliffe's face, and was away again without a return. Again and again he repeated this, and in the fifth round succeeded in drawing blood amid much cheering from his supporters.

McAuliffe rallied in the ninth round, and, playing the hurricane game, rushed upon his opponent, landing heavily upon the face, neck, and ribs. He pursued similar tactics in the tenth round, which was of a give-and-take character.

At the close the referee gave his decision in favour of McAuliffe.

The award was received with cries of derision, and while McAuliffe was groaned at and hooted, Griffo was heartily cheered and congratulated on his grand display.

* * *

According to detailed reports of the glove contest between Stanton Abbott and Jack Eberhardt at New Orleans the other night, some heavy in-fighting was indulged in during the first round, with honours pretty evenly distributed. Abbott made play for the face, while Eberhardt paid attention to the body, and during a rally in the eighth round Stanton appeared to hold a slight advantage. During the eleventh round Abbott got home a facer which sent Eberhardt down, and it looked odds on Abbott eventually scoring a victory. He maintained the best of it up to the twentieth round, when Eberhardt took a hand at the game, and fought Abbott in a fast and furious manner. It was the turning point of the mill, and Abbott, gradually growing weak, was floored half a dozen times in the twenty-fifth round, the last knock-down blow putting Abbott past all sense of feeling.

* * *

James Lowe opened his new boxing saloon at Newcastle-on-Tyne, August 29, in rather an auspicious manner. Three battles were decided, the principal event being a fifteen-round contest between W. Curley, of Newcastle, and Fred Sullivan, of London, for a purse of £25 and £15 a-side. Up to the third round Curley had the best of some rushing work, and administered severe punishment, but Sullivan stood it gamely. The Newcastle lad was going strongly, and it looked as if the affair would not last another round. Curley led off in the fourth round, but the Londoner forced the subsequent business, which, however, was ineffective. He rushed Curley, but the latter's cleverness stood him in good stead. Sullivan fell, and the gong sounded eight, but he arose and resumed the aggressive. His renewal of energy did not survive long, for he was sent to the ground again quickly. Once more he arose for the fray, but he only stood on his feet a second or two, when he succumbed completely to a hard right from the Newcastle youth, who received the verdict. In six-round contests G. Morris disposed of D. Macdonald after going the full number of rounds, whilst James Sullivan succumbed to J. McGeary in the fourth round.

* * *

When James J. Corbett expressed himself to the effect that he would not fight Peter Jackson in England, even if he were presented with Windsor Castle, he impressed upon the minds of all impartial sportsmen that he fears the black fellow more than he would care to have even his most intimate friends know. He is looking for the best of it, and won't take on Peter till such times as he is convinced that the black fellow stands no earthly chance of winning. He fought Mitchell in Jacksonville and practically held all the strings attached to the match. Such a victory is hardly worthy of recognition, especially when it is an acknowledged fact that he committed several deliberate fouls during the fight. He may stand the black off from a fair fight, but he will find in Fitzsimmons a customer who can argue the point as well as he. The lying statements of both Corbett and Brady must certainly place them in a ridiculous light before the Yankees. It is a pity there ain't a law in the States to force Corbett into a ring with both Jackson and Fitzsimmons, and if he managed to beat the black he would certainly receive a well-deserved thrashing from Lanky Bob.

* * *

It is to be hoped that Peter Jackson and Parson Davies have not quit each other, because Davies is an able and experienced manager, and of great value to Peter in arranging his business engagements. It would appear that Tom O'Rourke is aspiring to secure the big 'un for his combination. If successful it would afford him an opportunity to boast of the fact that he was handling three darkeys who could whip anything in the world in their respective classes.

* * *

O'Rourke wants Dick Burge to visit New York and fight Joe Walcott for £500 a-side and an added purse. He would willingly come here provided Dick would consent to do battle at the National Sporting Club, but as he objects to such a proposal it will be necessary for him to go to the States to get on a battle with Walcott.

* * *

Burge appears to be pining for a ten-round go with Ted Pritchard, but such an encounter would evoke but little interest amongst the sporting fraternity, because Ted would find it a difficult task to reduce himself to the weight Burge stipulates; and besides, if he could do the weight, his advantage over the Newcastle man would practically afford him an opportunity to score an easy win if Burge stood up and took his gruel for a few rounds.

* * *

How is this for high? Frank P. Slavin states that if £3,000 is too big a stake for Corbett or Jackson to put up for a fight, he will condescend to arrange a fight with either for as little as £2,000 a-side. If Peter considers it worth his while to take on Slavin at any price, he will mighty soon notify Frank that £3,000 or more will suit him for a stake.

* * *

H. Munroe, of Hackney, is prepared to take on any lad in England at 6st 6lb for £50 or £100 a-side in a finish or twenty-round fight.

* * *

Arthur Callan and Jack Gover are to again try conclusions in a finish fight for a purse. It will probably occur on the Continent. Both men will at once go into training for the affair.

* * *

Two eight-round contests formed the attractions at the Kennington Social Club, August 31. Jim Collins and Ted Moody, both of Chelsea, were the first couple. Three rounds of good stiff punching on the part of Collins sufficed Moody, who was only too glad to go to his corner and there remain. Pat Sullivan of Bermondsey and Tom Rutt of Lambeth boxed through the eight rounds, which were in favour of Sullivan, who received the verdict.

* * *

Two local bantams, Jack Wheal and George Richards, engaged in a twenty-round contest for £25 a-side at Unity Hall, Hull, Aug. 27. Both displayed considerable fistic ability, and boxed in a spirited fashion. The stipulated number of rounds were gone through, and the spectators believed that Richards was the best of the two. The referee, however, failed to agree with the audience, and rendered a decision in favour of Wheal, the verdict being received with groans and hisses.

* * *

Alf Gower says that when George Corfield talks of fighting Charley Kelley in December he counts on his chickens before they are hatched, and promises on September 10, at Sheffield, to convince the Yorkshire wonder that the Mile-end youth is no dead cock in a pit, and don't mean to be one either if plenty of good hard punching will tell for anything.

* * *

In a six-round contest at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, August 25, Bert Bolton proved himself superior to J. Brian, and was given the award.

* * *

Mike Wall, of Bermondsey, made matters lively for Pedlar Palmer, of the Borough, in a six-round bout at the Bermondsey School of Arms, August 25, but the latter managed to gain sufficient advantage to entitle him to the verdict.

* * *

A series of battles were decided at the Lambeth School of Arms, August 25, before a large audience for small purses. Two bouts were announced, to go through six rounds each, but in the first one Wag Beale held out his hand to Sid Scales in the second round, whilst C. Glover stayed half way through the third round with J. Baker before he cried quits. Curley Prosser and W. Reman boxed eight lively rounds, and when the decision was given to Reman the crowd expressed themselves dissatisfied.

* * *

It took Harry Lane just 45sec to knock Clarence Holt out of time at a private club in London the other night, to decide the ownership of a £20 purse. It was no chance blow, but one put in with the left hand upon the jaw, through cleverness on the part of Lane.

* * *

In a letter regarding Frank Slavin's entertainment at the circus in Belfast a correspondent says: "Allow me to correct an error about the meeting between Jem Young, of London, and Joe Craig, of Belfast. They met on two occasions, and instead of Young coming off a winner Craig defeated the London man both times, and on one occasion in fifteen seconds. I want credit bestowed upon the man to whom credit is due, and that man is Craig."

* * *

Young Ted Napper and Ben Harris have secured the boxing-room at the Victory, Stepney, where they will conduct sparring contests every Saturday evening.

* * *

A benefit was tendered to Fred Brown at Alexandra Hall, Birmingham, August 28, when an 8st 6lb amateur competition was decided. H. Simpson and P. Welsh contested the final bout, the first-named doing the most effective work, receiving the verdict.

* * *

Pat Kelly, of Sheffield, wants to fight Tom Woolley, of Walsall, twenty rounds for £100 a-side, Kelly to scale 10st 2lb, and Woolley to confine himself to 9st 12lb.

NEWS FROM YANKEELAND.

Fitzsimmons—Creedon Fight.

Jackson's Contemplated Trip Abroad.

A Lively Boxing Season Anticipated.

New York, Aug. 25.—Everything points to a lively season in the pugilistic world, and by next spring several important battles will be brought to a decision. The first big event will be the meeting between Bob Fitzsimmons and Dan Creedon, who come together in New Orleans the latter part of September for a purse of 5,000dols. The men are restricted to 11st 4lb each in weight, a stipulation very much against Bob, because many of the keen judges doubt if the invincible Bob can do the weight and retain his strength. It won't do for him to hold Creedon too cheap, because Dan is a tough customer in a finish fight, and will not leave off till he is thoroughly whipped. He is clever, and a good body puncher; however the battle goes, it will certainly be an interesting mill. Providing Bob enters the ring fit and well, it will be odds on his scoring a victory, because he outclasses any middle-weight that ever entered a ring. He regards it as a foregone conclusion, and counts on picking up the purse money in order to have sufficient of the needful on hand to bear his expenses in driving Corbett to a battle.

Peter Jackson is still in town, and appears disgusted with the attitude adopted by Corbett in declining to listen to a reasonable proposal. He speaks some of visiting England, but it is more than likely he will journey to the West Indies to see his brother, who is located there. It is generally understood that he has split with Parson Davies, his manager, and may engage Tom O'Rourke to look after his interests. People who are in the know claim that Davies has not thought well of a match with Corbett, and shown no desire to consummate the arrangements, whilst Jackson is really ready to do battle, and prepared to risk 5,000 dollars on his prospects of winning. The black is a smart fellow, and don't let those about him know too much. He has never been fully extended in any fight he has participated in, and the general run of sports believe he has a bit up his sleeve for Corbett when they meet.

Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and his adviser, Denny Butler, sailed to-day on the Mohawk for London. They took cabin passage on a slow boat in order to get full benefit of a long ocean voyage. The Cooler is the best of the American middle-weights, and has proven himself to be a thoroughly game fellow. The tuition he has received from Prof. Mike Donovan has been a great benefit to him, because it has made the black fellow clever and more cautious. He should whip John O'Brien or Ted Pritchard in twenty rounds, providing he enters the ring in good condition. In his battle with Peter Maher, the Irish giant, in Boston, he had all the best of it up to the time the Dublin man landed on the vital spot. Had it not been for that blow on the point of the jaw Craig would have placed the credit of a victory to his name inside of six rounds. Maher is inches taller and a couple of stone heavier, so that it served as no disgrace to Craig to meet with the reverse. When he performs at the National Sporting Club in October you will better appreciate his fighting abilities. He possesses no bad habits, such as carousing, smoking, drinking, or seeking bad company, and is always civil to all whom he comes in contact with. There will be a few dollars sent over to place on him when he fights O'Brien.

Stanton Abbott was clearly out-fought by Jack Eberhardt at New Orleans the other night, which ends all his aspirations to championship honours in the light-weight division. He might as well return to England for all the good he will do here, because the clubs have little use for beaten men. Eberhardt proved himself to be a good man, and his friends believe he could serve up Jack McAuliffe in the same manner; but Jack, like Corbett, will hardly tie himself down to a fight unless he has a lot the best of it. McAuliffe talks of taking on Horace Leeds, of Philadelphia, providing the latter will consent to a contest at 9st 9lb.

Joe Walcott would like to fight Dick Burge at 10st in this country, and if the mill is ever arranged the odds will be in favour of Joe, who is an extremely useful fellow in a ring.

George Dixon and Jerry Marshall are matched for 5000 dollars a-side and an added purse. They are both black, and consequently may be afforded a chance of coming together in New Orleans late in the autumn. It is safe to say that no Northern club could bring them together for a finish fight, and a limited round affair would not excite a great deal of interest. It should turn out a lively battle, and it would be no easy thing for Dixon. George's hands are in bad shape, and wouldn't stand a very severe encounter with small gloves.

Peter Maher and Ed. Smith are both in search of a customer amongst the heavy weights. The Dublin man has vastly improved in his fistic form the past year, and anyone he lands his right hand on must come pretty near going to sleep. Ed. Smith is not up to much as a fighter, and, what is more, he lacks courage in the ring. When he fought Goddard, in New Orleans, Bat Masterson was forced to threaten him in every way imaginable to toe the scratch during the last few rounds, and were Goddard given fair play the verdict would never have gone to Smith. Maher and Smith are both backed by the same man; consequently they will never be pitted against each other, unless Peter cuts loose and finds new friends.

Charley Kelley is about to renew his efforts to get on a fight with Billy Plimmer. He has plenty of backing, and would no doubt give the Birmingham lad an interesting argument.

The projectors of the scheme to build an iron platform in the Atlantic Ocean, off Sandy Hook, to be called Atalantis, are after the Jackson-Corbett fight. The projectors made the offer through Mike Donovan, of the New York Athletic Club. "I am authorised to offer a purse of 25,000 dols. for the fight," he said, "and there's no monkeying about it, either. The company has nearly 4,000,000 dols. behind it, and its island will be completed before next February."

"I am afraid you're a trifle enthusiastic, said Jackson, who was present, but Donovan said he wasn't a bit.

"These people," he continued, "are willing to put up 25,000 dols. as a guarantee in the hands of any responsible man agreed upon by yourself and Corbett. This, they assure me, will be their first step. Furthermore, they will set aside 5,000 dols., which is to be divided between you and Corbett in case it is impossible for them to pull off the fight on the date selected."

ELM.

HONEST SPORTS.

EIGHT swimmers started in the third contest at Glasgow for the 20-guinea cup given for the 50 yards Scotch swimming championship. Thomson, of Glasgow, won the final heat, with Moore second.

* * *

AT the North London Revolver Club, Ilford, Mr. H. Andrews, of Woolwich, succeeded in making the highest possible score of 43 points with a military revolver at 20 yards range on a 2in. bull's-eye. A circle of the size of a threepenny piece would touch all the holes made through the target by the six shots. This is believed to be a record diagram. The highest score of the year in this competition hitherto was 41, made by Mr. W. Winans, the well-known revolver shot.

* * *

CYCLISTS who are record removers have recently had a remarkably busy time. On August 29 two of F. W. Shorland's long-distance records were relegated to the rear, whilst the recently accomplished record of 28hr 27min, by C. C. Fontaine, of the Polytechnic C.C., for the Edinburgh to London ride, would assuredly have been beaten by R. H. Carlisle, of the Anfield B.C., had his tyre not unfortunately been punctured within 17 miles of London, Carlisle having at that time another two hours in which to complete his journey. The result of his mishap, however, was that he had to dismount there and then and come to London by train. The two other would-be record breakers—A. A. Chase and C. C. Fontaine himself—had better luck. Fontaine had set himself the task of beating F. W. Shorland's London to York record of 12hr 10min, the distance being 197 miles. In this he succeeded with 19min to spare, Fontaine's time being 11hr 51min. From the outset he was well ahead of schedule time. Chase's designs were likewise on one of Shorland's bests, viz., his 211 miles for a twelve hours' ride. Despite a severe fall and consequent cuts and abrasions, in the fourth hour, Chase (on the North road and its arteries) also eclipsed Shorland's record by covering 212¼ miles within the specified time.

* * *

A 100 yards sweepstakes race, announced as for the championship of America, was run off at Denver, Colorado, August 19. There were nine entries, including Jack Gibson, of Mardan, England; Jack Doyle, Jim Collins, P. A. Pulley, Tom G. Morris, A. S. Henderson, W. H. Copple, H. Appleman, and A. G. Rollins. Each contributed 100 dollars and the management added 500 dollars, making in all 1,400 dollars to be run for. Sheffield rules governed the race. A gold medal was given for the winner. Henderson won the final heat in 10sec, with Copple second. In qualifying in his trial heat Henderson is credited with having run the distance in 9 4-5sec.

* * *

THE annual contest for the Ulph Challenge Cup, value 100 guineas, took place August 28 at Yarmouth. The course was between the Britannia and Wellington piers, distance 1,000 yards. Considerable interest was taken in the competition this year owing to the fourteen starters including J. H. Tyers, the amateur champion at all distances. Naturally, Tyers maintained his reputation by winning easily, after leading all the way, by 90 yards. His time—9min 17sec—is the fastest on record for this course, the previous best being 10min 16sec, by A. M. Langdon, in 1889. The weather was beautifully fine, and there was a large number of spectators present. Mr. J. J. Innes, vice-president of the Swimming Association, was starter and referee, and Mr. W. E. Fuller, of London, and Mr. C. B. Diver, of Yarmouth, acted as distance judges. Result—J. H. Tyers, Osborne S.C., Manchester, 1; G. B. Smart, Sheerness S.C., 2; W. Dale, Cygnus S.C., 3; S. T. Pugh, holder, Surbiton S.C., 4; C. J. Arnold, Norwich Swan S.C., 5; J. C. Shearly, Great Yarmouth S.C., 6; A. Woolsey, Cygnus S.C., 7; C. J. Dunfoy, Cygnus S.C., 8; F. Arnold, Norwich Swan S.C., 9; E. Boning, Cygnus S.C., 10; M. S. Hall, Great Yarmouth, S.C., 11; H. H. Arnold, Norwich S.C., 12. They got away to a splendid start, but Tyers held a slight lead from the first stroke, and, after keeping with his opponents for a hundred yards or so, he drew right away, and held an advantage of 60 yards at the jetty; thence he continued to gain, and ultimately won by about 90 yards. A fine race took place between the next four men, Smart beating Dale by six yards, whilst there was only a yard between third and fourth, and much the same fourth and fifth. Time, 9min 17sec, and 10min dead for Smart.

* * *

QUITE a large number of athletic meetings took place on Saturday, both in and out of London. At the Essex Cycling Union's sports, at Great Yarmouth, F. E. Bacon, despite the most strenuous exertions on his part, failed to get placed in a mile handicap wherein he started from scratch. A. J. Brown, of the Finchley Harriers, won, with with 130 yards start, in the fast time of 4min. 19 4-5sec. At the same meeting M. Billimore, of the Finchley Harriers, won both the One Hundred and Three Hundred Yards Handicaps, the former with 6½ yards start, in 10secs., and the latter with 23 yards start, in 32 2-5sec. At the Cardiff Harlequins' sports C. R. Thomas, of Reading (the Welsh champion) again won the One Hundred Yards Championship, of which he was the holder.

* * *

AT the London County Club's Grounds, Herne Hill, on September 1, G. R. Martin (holder of the London Centre Ten Miles Championship) accomplished a series of remarkable record-breaking performances in the Daneville Club's 25 miles championship, which he won by more than three miles from H. W Payne. Martin commenced breaking record at three miles (doing that distance in 6min 37 4-5sec, as against W. Heine's previous best of 6min 42 1-5sec), and thence kept on in an uninterrupted string (excepting at the tenth mile, when he was 4 3-5secs outside Heine's best of 22min 10 2-5sec), riding 11 miles in 24min 43 3-5sec (as against Shorland's 25min 37 1-5sec); 15 miles in 33min 41sec; 20 miles in 45min 7 1-5sec, and 25 miles in 56min 24 3-5sec. Martin was minutes ahead of the previous "world's record" at this point, and keeping on, did 26 miles in 58min 38 4-5sec, and covered 26 miles 1,103 yards in an hour—by far the best on record. During the afternoon W. Taylor, T. Butler, and R. Clarke, of the Inflexible C.C., established records for a triplet safety, their times being 27 4-5sec for a quarter of a mile, 56 3-5sec for a half-mile, 1min 27 4-5sec for three-quarters, and 2min exactly for a mile.

* * *

WILLIAM HAINES, of Old Windsor, punting champion, is matched to meet William Morris, of Bray, in a punting race of one mile, half mile out and home, over the championship course in Bray Reach, Thursday, September 27, for £50 a-side and an added purse of £25.

* * *

A MEETING of the Finchley Cycling and Athletic Club was held at Finchley, August 30. H. Curtis, the amateur champion walker and record holder, finished third from scratch in the two miles walking handicap, won, with 290 yards start, by J. Garner in 15min 2-5sec. S. Paul, 330, was second, beaten by thirty yards. The grass course was very rough, and Curtis could, therefore, do no better than 15min 38sec for the distance. A two miles bicycle handicap was won by E. Budd, 350 yards start, in 7min 21 3-5sec.

* * *

THE Royal Artillery Sports at Aldershot the other day were well attended and honoured with royal patronage. Many events were brought to a successful conclusion, and on a whole the performances made were very good.

* * *

W. O. HICKOCK, who captained the Yale College team in the match games against Oxford at Queen's Grounds, London, has just returned to New York. He speaks highly of the manner in which the Yale boys were treated while here, and hopes to induce the Oxford team to visit the States in the autumn in hopes of a series of contests being decided in New York City.

* * *

LORD HAWKE'S team to visit the United States leave by steamer from Southampton September 8. The Yorkshire captain states that the party take train at Waterloo the same morning at 9.40, and, as at present arranged, will be away a month, as they expect to return on October 10. Matches will be played with American teams in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston. The names of the cricketers are: Lord Hawke (captain), (Yorkshire), C. W. Wright (Notts), J. S. Robinson (Notts), L. C. V. Bathurst (Middlesex), G. J. Mordaunt (Kent), G. W. Hillyard (Leicestershire), C. E. De Trafford (Leicestershire), A. J. L. Hill (Hampshire), G. R. Bardswell (Lancashire), J. H. J. Hornsby, K. Macalpine, and W. F. Whitwell (Durham and Uppingham Rovers).

* * *

H. C. BROWNJOHN is considered to be the fastest amateur mile walker in the kingdom, but at two miles he finds a master in H. Curtis, the champion.

* * *

G. E. B. KENNEDY, of the Kingsland Rowing Club, an amateur champion sculler of 1893, was married to Miss Sybil Elizabeth Dudgeon, youngest daughter of the eminent physician, on August 30.

* * *

J. H. TYERS, the amateur champion swimmer at all distances, is to be the attraction at the Swindon Swimming Club's annual, September 12 and 15.

* * *

M. REINGARTEN, who has undertaken to make a tour round the world on foot, has just left St. Petersburg on his enterprising journey, accompanied by his guide Nicholas Greipert. He is now on his way to Dunaburg, which place he expects to reach in eight days, and will then probably proceed in the direction of Vitebsk, Smolensk, Orel, &c. He hopes to arrive at Djulfa, on the Persian frontier, in December.

* * *

AT the Velodrome de la Seine, September 21, the Grand Prix of the *Union Velocipedique Francaise* was won by Zimmerman, the American. Banker, of the United States, came in second, and A. C. Edwards, of England, third. The 500 Metres Handicap resulted in a dead heat between Edwards and Mayer of Denmark, the latter of whom had been allowed a start of 43 metres by the Englishman. Edwards covered a quarter of a mile in 28sec., and the whole distance of 500 metres or one lap in 38 4-5sec.

* * *

A CENTRAL News telegram from Fort Wayne states that on August 31 the well-known thoroughbred pacer Robert J. covered a mile in 2min. 3½sec., breaking all previous records.

* * *

AT the Bridgnorth C.C. Athletic Sports the champion jumper of the world beat the record for three jumps, backwards, by one foot nine inches, when he cleared 29ft. 9in.

* * *

THE season for baseball is about at an end, and the public are taking a keen interest in the games played. At Balham, September 1, the Thespians played the Remington Typewriters and won by a score of 13 to 9. In the game for the Knowles Trophy the English J's scored 39 to the Electric team's 19.

* * *

ACCORDING to reports they have a phenomenal walker in Adelaide, Australia. It is Corporal Clark, of the Albany Permanent Force, who is credited with having walked a mile, fair heel and toe, in 5min 46 1-5sec. Clark is 6ft. 2in. in height, and, according to the opinion of the Australian sports, he plods along with the utmost fairness.

* * *

THE most important of the many road cycling races which were held on September 1 was the annual 100 miles race for the Bath Road Club's forty-guinea challenge cup, of which S. F. Edge was the holder. He, however, through illness, was an absentee. Ten competitors started, but only four finished, punctured tyres tending to thin the field. A carefully-selected course, as to which, for obvious reasons, great secrecy was observed, proved well adapted to the purpose. The defeat of C. A. Smith by F. D. Frost came as a great surprise; but it was only brought about by half a length after a magnificent race. The order and times of all who finished were as follows:—F. D. Frost (5h 32min 7sec), 1; C. A. Smith (5h 52min 7 1-5sec), 2; G. A. Nelson (5h 46min 1 1-5sec), 3; Hugh S. Garrett, hon. sec. (5h 49min 42sec).

* * *

IN the match for big yachts in the Start Bay Yacht Club regatta, September 1, Vigilant started at 10h 30min 5sec, Satanita at 10h 30min 8sec. The Yankee was just ahead of the Satanita, and gradually drew away, and within five minutes of the start had a lead of several lengths. Both had all plain sail set. The American boat lost the breeze, and the first round concluded—Satanita, 12hr 34min 45sec; Vigilant, 12hr 35min 21sec. The Vigilant was gaining perceptibly after the pair rounded. The Satanita gave up after the Wigilant had regained the lead.

* * *

THE West Ham Hospital Sports drew a large crowd at Upton, September 1. The results for the opening events follow:—

100 Yards Open Handicap.—J. W. Nelson, Southwark Harriers, 10½yds start, first; T. W. Jackson, Walthamstow Harriers, 8½yds, second; J. H. Palmer, Essex B., 2½yds, third. Time, 10 1-5sec.

200 Yards Handicap (old boys).—T. W. Jackson, Walthamstow Harriers, 12yds start, first; H. R. Thompson, Walthamstow Harriers, scratch, second; C. R. Thatcher, Upton Park C.C., 15yds, third. Time, 24 1-5sec.

One Mile (open) Handicap.—H. Newman, Tottenham House, 25yds start, first; S. G. Murphy, Highgate H., 40yds, second; W. T. Pettit, Highgate H., 50yds, third. Time, 4min 43 1-5sec.

ANGLING IN THE ARUN.

ROACH, bream, barbel, and chub are biting freely in the Thames, and some nice mixed baskets of fish have been taken, the water now being in first-class order. At Staines and Wraysbury barbel of 6½lb and 7lb have been creeled, and takes up to 7½lb are reported. Fine bream have been secured in the Kingston and Sunbury districts, and at Hampton Court an angler has landed a roach of 2lb 1oz. Good baskets of roach and dace have been got in the Isleworth and Kew reaches of the tidal waters, and at Sonning one of the London club anglers has bagged a miscellaneous collection of barbel, roach, dace, and chub scaling 29lb. The Lea has been fishing well, and many of the roach caught in the river lately have gone over 1lb each. The Arun, in the neighbourhood of Amberley, was the scene of a monster competition on September 2. The fishers, numbering about 350, and their many friends were conveyed from London Bridge in two special trains. The competitors assembled near the station, and when the signal was given to commence fishing there was an amusing rush along the road for the river bank to secure favourite swims. Over forty prizes were fished for, and special awards were made for the largest specimen roach and bream, these falling to Mr. A. Manning with a roach of 1lb 12½oz, and Mr. W. Mills with a bream of 2lb 11½oz. Mr. C. Fletcher (unattached) won the competition with a basket of 16lb 11½oz.

STAGE TALK.

AT the Trafalgar Theatre will shortly be produced an entirely new farcical comedy entitled "The Chinaman." Amongst the cast will be found the names of Mr. Frank Wyatt, Mr. John Tresahar, Miss Cicely Richards, Miss Delin Carlyle, and Miss Clara Jecks.

* * *

A CRUEL outrage occurred at Shorncliffe, near Sandgate, the other day. Mr. Fred Carlos, a variety artist, and his wife were brutally attacked by soldiers. Mr. Carlos was conveyed to Folkestone Hospital terribly injured, the bone of one arm being smashed and protruding through the flesh. Mrs. Carlos was thrown down and an outrage attempted. She struggled desperately. The assailants then battered her face and kicked her into partial insensibility, and made off with her handbag.

* * *

MISS MARIE TEMPEST, the American opera singer, is on her way to London from New York. She is under a three years' contract to appear for Mr. George Edwardes.

* * *

MISS GERALDINE ULMAR, who has been appearing at the Lyric Theatre in "Little Christopher Columbus," is a Boston girl, and has been devoted to the study of music from childhood. For six years she was a member of the Boston Ideal Opera Company. Then, in the autumn of 1885, she joined Mr. D'Oyly Carte's opera company playing "The Mikado" in New York. Miss Ulmar came with this company to England, and subsequently visited Berlin therewith. At the Savoy she appeared on March 17, 1888, as Mabel, in a revival of "The Pirates of Penzance," and on July 7 as Yum Yum in a revival of "The Mikado." Her first original part was allotted to her in the production of "The Yeomen of the Guard" on October 3. She played Elsie Maynard. In "The Gondoliers," produced on December 7, 1889, Miss Ulmar played Gianetta. Then she left the Savoy. Joining the Lyric company, she was the Marton in "La Cigale," produced on October 9, 1890. In "The Mountebanks," produced on January 4, 1892, she was the Teresa.

* * *

MR. JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY, son of Mr. Justin McCarthy, M.P., was married in Edinburgh, on August 29, before the Sheriff, to Miss Marie Cecilia Brown Loftus, better known as Miss Cissie Loftus, the music-hall artiste. Mr. McCarthy's designation in the certificate is that of a dramatist, while Miss Loftus is described as an actress. Mr. McCarthy fulfilled the requirements of the statute by residing 21 days in Edinburgh.

THEY FOUGHT IN EARNEST.

Gallant Conduct of a Girl who Fought a Desperado in Western Australia.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"PEOPLE claim that women are not plucky," writes a Western Australia correspondent, "but I can quote an incident that will dispel all doubts from the minds of any impartial person. Some of those who have come to this section in search of gold are of a depraved turn of mind and, at times, give a display of lawlessness that would cause any honest man to blush with shame. There are lots of people who imagine the world was constructed for their special benefit, and being too lazy to toil they prey upon those who are seeking to gain wealth, by any other than legitimate methods. In one of the mining camps recently one of the disorderly characters pillaged several of the cabins, and being disappointed over the meagre sum that rewarded his efforts, he turned loose and amused himself by destroying all the furniture in sight. He had just abandoned one house when a young lady of not above sixteen years of age hove in sight armed with a brace of revolvers. She commanded the ruffian to stand his ground and defend himself. A fusillade of shots was the result, and when the smoke disappeared from view the miscreant was lying prostrate upon the ground seriously injured. Like the weaker sex, she immediately set to work to relieve the sufferer, and no doubt she would have harboured him until he had recovered had not the settlers ordered him to leave at once. The wretch craved forgiveness and promised good behaviour if permitted to remain, but the men were obdurate and declared they had no room for such a lawless villain who dared to discharge a weapon at a girl."

STEVE FARRELL DISABLED.

The Speedy Runner meets with an Accident at Hyde Park, Connecticut.

PRAYED WITH A REVOLVER IN HAND.

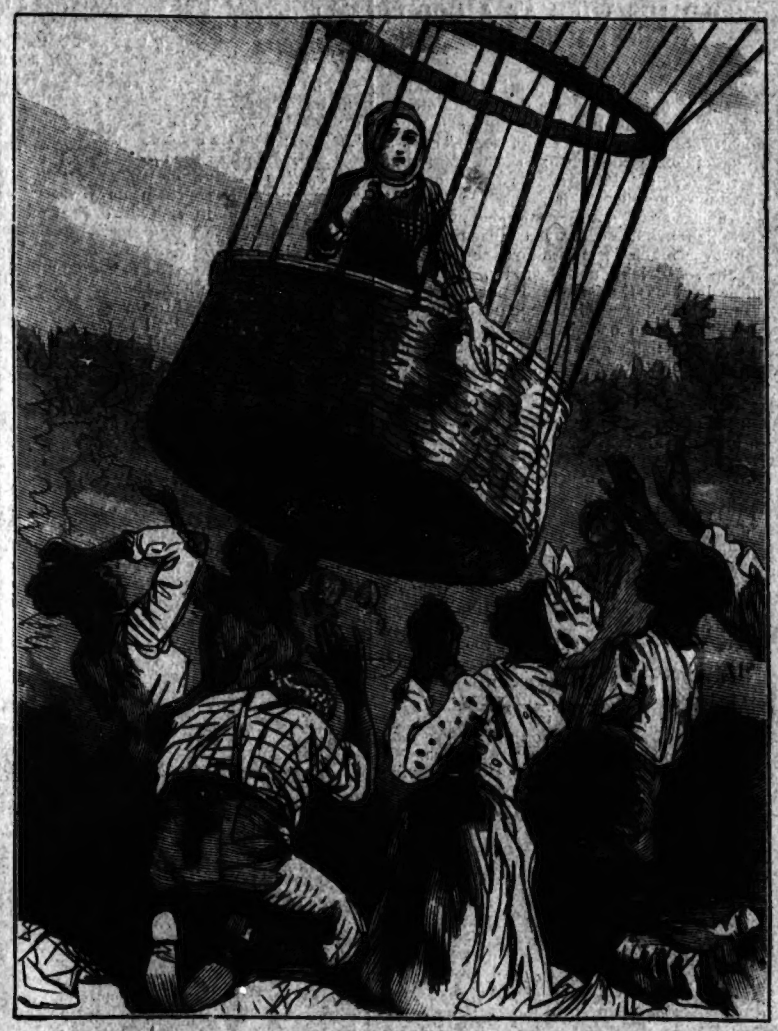
How a Clergyman in the Western States Preserved Order in the Congregation.

TRIED TO PREVENT THE MARRIAGE.

A Jilted Girl who Exposed a Profligate at the Altar and was Forcibly Ejected.

JUMPED THEIR HOTEL BILL.

How a Stranded Opera Company Left a Town Without Settling their Debts.



GONE TO JOIN THE ANGELS.

The Superstitions of Darkeys in the Southern States.

THEY FOUGHT IN EARNEST.

Gallant Conduct of a Girl who Fought a Desperado in Western Australia.

SOLD HIS WIFE AT A GOOD PRICE.

"STRANGE things happen in this strange world of ours to relieve the killing monotony of humdrum life, and people are more or less prepared to hear of them," says a Vienna correspondent of the *Telegraph*. "But one of the strangest and most incredible on record is now the talk of Viennese society, and is well calculated to astonish people of any civilised society, however much it may allow for the unexpected. Briefly and brutally, it may be described as the sale and purchase of a beautiful young wife concluded by two gentlemen who occupy prominent positions in Austria: the one a very wealthy manufacturer of Bohemia, and the other a lawyer of distinction in Vienna. The sale and purchase of wives is not perhaps an unheard-of transaction in itself. Once in a while one hears of a drunken labourer attempting to raise the wind by the putting up his better half for action outside a village pothouse; sometimes, but very rarely, rumours get abroad of analogous doings in higher social strata, but modern decorum invariably envelopes the affair in forms that deprive it of its sting, and entitle it to a label that will not shock the most delicate sensibilities of the British matron. In the present case, however, all such pretences were rudely and intentionally torn off, and the bargain declared to be that, and nothing more. The Vienna lawyer who lost his wife by the transaction, and who still commands the sympathy and respect of his fellow-townsmen, hit upon an expression which admits of no courtly paraphrase.

"Herr Y. is a middle-aged lawyer who has a large and increasing practice. As he took his doctor's degree at the university, which in those days boasted of professors like the celebrated Thering, he is known everywhere as Dr. Y. Last year he married a young lady of good family, excellent education, and rare beauty—gifts which made her dowry of 40,000 florins (£3,800) appear as mere dust in the balance. It was a love match, of course, and not even the shadow of a drifting cloud has ever for a moment obscured the sunshine of their lives. True, they were not quite a twelvemonth together, and never once separated, for business or pleasure, for the space of a day. A few weeks ago Dr. Y. sent his wife to Ostend in order to escape from the tropical heat and the mephitic odours of Vienna, promising to rejoin her before the end of the month. A couple of days before the time fixed for his departure he received a letter from his spouse—a long, chatty letter—which began in the usual way, with the pleasing assurance that she liked Ostend, where she was as merry as the day is long. Most grass-widows at the seaside give the same intelligence to their absent husbands, and generally offer very innocent reasons for their happiness. But Frau Y. had quite special grounds for feeling in her element at Ostend, and she frankly disclosed them to her lord. To her astonishment and delight, she said, she had met an old friend of her childhood and youth there, a manufacturer of Bohemia, 'who is extremely wealthy.' What his wealth had to do with the matter Dr. Y. could not at first perceive, and was naturally astonished to find the words in question doubly underlined, 'Extremely wealthy.' But, reading further, he found a satisfactory clue to the mystery. This old friend, the lady wrote, had taken a very lively interest in her. They chatted about old times, youthful aspirations, and blasted hopes, and had come to the conclusion that there is 'nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream.' This wealthy old friend found that he had claims on her heart of an earlier date than those of her husband, and she hoped her husband would pardon her frankness and sincerity when she affirmed that she had married without really loving him. Her affection for the manufacturing millionaire was 'a love that took an early root and had an early doom.' But it was now revived and as warm as ever. Therefore she would venture to make the following proposal to her husband, which she herself regarded as fair and reasonable. In the name of her old friend, the wealthy manufacturer, she offers to leave her dowry of 40,000 florins with her present husband, and to promise him 10,000 florins (£900) more, which will be paid down by the millionaire, on condition that a divorce be arranged at once. Her friend is impatient to marry her, and she cannot pull through life without him, so the sooner proceedings commence the better for all concerned. She would feel eternally his debtor if he would kindly wire a reply.

"Such was the tenor of the letter received by Dr. Y. on the eve of his departure for Ostend to rejoin his beloved wife. Having read and re-read it, he came to the conclusion that there was only one course open to him. It was out of the question to live any longer with a woman who not only consented to be sold just like an article of furniture, but, with unparalleled cynicism, actually assumed the rôle of broker. Had the 'extremely wealthy manufacturer' written and offered him 50,000 florins for his wife, propriety and decorum would have been quite sufficiently outraged; but that the woman herself should do so! Lawyer though he was, he had never dreamt of such depths of self-abasement and degradation. He resolved, therefore, to take her at her own estimate, for a heartless, soulless commodity, which may be bought and sold at its market value, and he telegraphed accordingly the following three cutting words to his faithless spouse: 'Agreed; bargain concluded.'

"A divorce was then immediately applied for, on the ground of 'incompatibility of character,' and fourteen days later the couple appeared in court in order to listen to the first of the three legally-prescribed exhortations to forgive and forget. The lady apparently expected to behold a heart-broken man before her, whose happiness in this life was blasted for ever. But Dr. Y. played his part well; he fulfilled all the legal formalities with the cold, business-like precision and imperturbability of a merchant concluding an every-day transaction with one of his best customers. This coolness and self-possession proved gall and wormwood to the lady, and she burst into tears as her husband, having affixed his signature to the last document, politely bowed and left the court. He has now taken his departure for Ostend in order to decide at leisure on the charities to which he should make over the 50,000 florins, which he, of course, does not need, and refuses to keep. The wealthy manufacturer may now learn to his cost that true love resembles genuine respect in this, that 'They lose it that do buy it with much care.'"

A VACATION IN THE COUNTRY.

A Visit Not as Enjoyable as was anticipated, and a Return to the City to Recuperate.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"BACK to town to recuperate, thank heavens!" said a tradesman to a MIRROR OF LIFE representative the other day. "My wife thought recreation would do us all a lot of good, and instead of sojourning at the seashore she concluded two or four weeks in the country would be far better. Accepting her advice, I at once sought a suitable location. In one of the papers I noticed an advertisement offering to board a small family at a gentleman's residence in the country. The advertiser claimed to have a quiet, secluded place, where there would be no disturbing noises, an excellent lawn, good table service, free from flies, with good bathing, fishing, and hunting facilities. Believing I had hit the proper place, I arranged for a two weeks' stay. The private conveyance that met us at the station was nothing but a barrow to lug our parcels up to the house. We had to walk, and I was deputised to carry the baby. Talk about flies, there were that many there that it would drive a man frantic. Our large, airy room was a dingy place in the attic, and night-time I amused myself by fanning the baby. The splendid bathing consisted of a wash-tub, and it was only in the afternoon we could have the use of that. I suspect they used that vessel for many purposes. At daybreak the roosters broke our rest crowing, during the day the calf found amusement in creating as much noise as possible, and during the night a couple of dogs would bark, just for the sake of barking and to annoy us as much as for any other purpose. While my wife was busy killing off flies I was occupied digging fleas out of my head and body, so that they wouldn't remain in one spot too long. The lawn was a beauty, especially when the sun was at its height, but we could get over that by holding up umbrellas. Talk about fishing! Well, it was beautiful fishing, but aside from a bull frog the only catch you stood a chance of was some old article of tin or pottery ware. I tried the hunting racket and got hunted by a bull, and only for my clearing the fence like an expert hurdler I should have been assisted over. You only had to stroll into the same pasture field the bull was in to get a foot race over the fence again. The cows did so much running about that the milk was poor stuff to touch. There were fresh eggs, but we got none because they argued that fresh eggs could be sold for three-halfpence each, and they could purchase some to answer all purposes for just half that price. The country is a lovely place to go to in order to tire yourself out and make you fully appreciate the comforts of home life in the City. It's our last trip to the country, because next year we shall enjoy the sights and a good rest in the City of London, and save money by it too."

MAUD DALTON.

A Pretty and Talented Young Singer who Plays in Light Opera.

(With Portrait.)

THE pretty and talented young singer, Miss Maud Dalton, attained prominence in the States through the manner in which she served the papers on Miss Lillian Russell in the recent suit against that famous singer for breach of contract. Miss Dalton gives promise of making her mark in light and comic opera in America.

JOHNSING: "Why does you Irish have whiskey at dem wakes of yours?"

Grogan: "Sure, to see whether the man is dead or not. If he don't be after gettin' up to join th' boys in a drink, we know it is time to bury him."

MISS CALLIE FRENCH.

The Only Female Pilot in the World.

(With Portrait.)

AMERICA can boast of a female pilot, because Miss Callie French was recently elected a member of the United States Pilots' Association. She is a determined young lady, with undaunted courage, and a favourite with steamship captains.

STEVE FARRELL DISABLED.

The Speedy Runner meets with an Accident at Hyde Park, Connecticut.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE many friends of Steve Farrell, the Yankee runner, who won two handicaps in this country, will regret to learn that he met with a serious accident at Hyde Park, Connecticut, Aug. 6. Whilst running in excellent form in a heat a dog ran across the track, throwing Farrell down heavily upon the head, and causing him to sprain his foot. He is not expected to be able to run again this year, and his physician doubts if he will ever recover the use of his foot so as to enable him to pursue his racing business.

A FAIR STOWAWAY PLACED ASHORE.

How a Girl was Captured in New York Harbour Trying to Evade Passage Money to England.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A FEW years back everybody of limited means displayed a desire to visit America in search of a good home. The recent hard times, however, have altered the state of affairs, and now people who are out of employment on the other side of the big pond crave to come here in hopes of finding a more profitable field. Steamers leaving the States are laden down with steerage passengers, some for Ireland and Scotland, but the majority for England, tending to flood the over-crowded labour market of this kingdom. Great care is exercised by the steamship companies leaving American ports to prevent people from smuggling aboard. Notwithstanding their vigilance a buxom young lady concealed herself on board a steamer leaving New York the other day, and when the boat was many miles from the dock the stowaway hopped gaily upon the deck. She felt that she was safe to reach Liverpool, but, to her misfortune, she soon ascertained that the pilot was still aboard. The young lady was immediately placed under surveillance, and when the pilot boat came alongside to take off the pilot, one of the sailors was commissioned to place the stowaway in the small craft to be returned to New York. She fought like a demon against such treatment, kicking, scratching, and screaming at the top of her voice. The passengers sympathised with her, but sympathy didn't afford her an opportunity to accomplish the task she set out to.

REFUSED TO BE INTIMIDATED.

A Woman who Feared not Death and Defied Outlaws to do their Worst.

(Subject of Illustration.)

At a sheep station in the Colony of Victoria a woman gave a superb display of nerve. It was whispered that her employer had secreted a large sum of money in the house, and during the master's absence a crowd of outlaws entered and demanded of the housekeeper where the reputed wealth was stowed away. She became obdurate, and declined to make a response. A search was instituted but failed to reveal the hidden gold. Returning to the kitchen, the robbers took a rope, making a noose on one end, which was slipped around the woman's neck. A threat was then made that if she still refused to give the desired information they would strangle her to death. Though the rope was tightened about the throat in an uncomfortable manner she remained firm in her resolve. Had it not been for the sudden return of two of the station hands, who put the miscreants to flight, they would no doubt have inflicted cruel torture upon the faithful servant.

FRED OAKLEY.

A Clever Liverpool Pugilist who Performs on the Music-Hall Stage.

(With Portrait.)

FRED OAKLEY has, by his superior ability as a boxer, demonstrated his claim to the championship of Lancashire at 7st 12lb. He was brought out by James W. Butler, the coloured pugilist of Liverpool, and since his first contest in the boxing arena he has made a creditable record for himself by disposing of all comers at 7st 12lb. At present Oakley is performing upon the music-hall stage, doing a sparring bout with a female partner, and has made quite a hit with patrons of these places of amusement.

THERE is a lot of fuss made of "the girl I left behind me," but none of you say much about the girl who left you behind.

JUMPED THEIR HOTEL BILL.

How a Stranded Opera Company Left a Town Without Settling their Debts.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WE are on the eve of another theatrical season; hence we may anticipate stories of stranded companies that take to the road with meagre financial backing. It was in the smoke room of a well-known London hotel the other evening that a party of theatrical men had congregated to talk over the prospects of the coming season, and the subject finally developed into one of those present serving up a series of anecdotes on the various artists now before the public. "In America," he said, "one of the wealthiest actors was on a tour during dull times some years back, and finally got stranded in Canada. He had a big hotel bill staring him in the face, and the proprietor took pains to remain up all night to see that his guest made no attempt to leave without liquidating. The actor realised the predicament he was in, and with the aid of one of the troupe he arranged for his confederate to go to the room and throw all the clothing and portmanteaus out of the window whilst he entertained the host with amusing stories of the past. Under the pretence that the actor wished to get a breath of fresh air he quitted the hotel to stroll about, but in reality he went out to get possession of his wearing apparel that had been thrown from the window. Not perceiving the chattels in the street, he looked upwards and saw them all hung out on the telegraph wires. He was forced to remain, and explaining matters the hotel proprietor accepted security, and had the clothes taken down from the wires."

"I've a better one than that," said another. "There was a troupe billed to show in a town in Texas, and when the curtain was rung up only three men comprised the audience. The play had approached the heavy portion, when two of the audience arose to go out, remarking to the one remaining that they were about to imbibe in a drink, and requested him to see that the play was properly rendered during their absence. That was the opening night, and the troupe never appeared to better advantage; as a result, the second night's show packed the house. The trio were the town critics."

"You've both told pretty good tales; now I'll give you my experiences," chimed in a third party. "I've always made a specialty of comic opera, and when I take out a troupe the women invariably carry as large a trunk as possible, just for the sake of appearances. We got stranded in a country town after a three nights' stand, and it was necessary for us to take an early morning train in order to fill our engagement at the next place. I had just enough to pay railway fares, and was studying how I could bilk the hotel keeper out of his bill. Whilst I was thus contemplating on arranging a cock-and-bull story one of the troupe requested a personal interview with me at the doorway. What do you suppose? Those girls had actually let down their trunks from their rooms to the side walk, and we all turned to and lugged them up to the station. We got away all right, but that hotel keeper was after us, and levied upon the box-office the following night. Luckily we drew a fairly good house, and the money due was paid, together with his railway fare, without parley."

GONE TO JOIN THE ANGELS.

The Superstitions of Darkeys in the Southern States.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"MISS IDA B. WELLS, now in England, is being prayed for by all the darkies in the South," so says a New Orleans correspondent. "They are also praying for more freedom and the invocation of more stringent laws against the depredations of the white folks. I was somewhat amused the other day at a sight I witnessed a short distance in the country. A white lady was holding worship in the fields from the basket of a balloon, and around her was congregated a dozen or more darkies of both sexes on their bended knees, praying fervently for the welfare of mankind, and beseeching the lady to ascend to heaven and request the Lord to send a few angels to join them, to make the lawless element rescind from their wicked ways. One darkey, more eloquent than the rest, shouted: 'Glory, Hallelujah, missus gwine to join the angels; oh, Lord, send em down here, so de poor niggar get hones treatment from de bad man. Bress Miss Wells, and bring her back to de old home again.' The black man is down-trodden in the South, and receives neither money or recognition from the whites, who, upon the slightest provocation, torture the poor creatures in a cruel manner."

YOUNG LADY: "Father, this is scandalous! The idea of a man of your standing coming home in this condition."

Old Gentleman: "Couldn't (hic) help it, m'dear. Met zee young feller I wouldn't let you marry, an' (hic) had some drinks wiz him; and he's such good feller I said he (hic) could marry you right off, m'dear."

"Mercy! Where is he?"

"Dunno, m'dear. P'liceman took 'im off (hic) in wheelbarrow."

THEY SAY

— That in Douglas, Isle of Man, the influx of visitors by the steamers from England was so great, numbering some 16,000 in one day, that the bread of the town ran short. Bakers kept their ovens going throughout the day and night; 2½d. loaves were selling at 6d., and finally dispatches had to be sent to the neighbouring towns of Ramsey, Castletown, and Peel for supplies by train. Happily nobody went to bed hungry.

* * *

— That a particularly sad accident is reported from San Sebastian. Senora Echaure, a lady of Logrono, and her daughter Esperanza, aged 16, who were spending their holidays at the fashionable seaside resort, were going in a tramcar to Pasajes. While it was passing through a tunnel the young lady, who had placed herself on the platform near the driver, bent forward. At the same time the horse plunged and kicked out violently, dealing the unfortunate girl a blow under the chin. She fell backwards into the arms of her mother without uttering a cry. On examination at La Herrera it was found that her chin had been fearfully cut by the animal's hoof, but as the jaw itself was not broken hopes were entertained that no fatal injury had been inflicted. Shortly afterwards, however, she died. Last summer her sister died suddenly on the beach of San Sebastian from another accident.

* * *

— That advices from Alaska give details of a conflict between two detachments of Indians, who, maddened by drink, attacked each other with great fury. The Indians had assembled around camp fires for the purpose of drinking a quantity of liquor which had been brought to their territory by a sloop. They quarrelled, and divided into parties and fought. Half a dozen were killed and 75 wounded.

* * *

— That a free exhibition of fancy and ornamental and long-distance skating on pneumatic skates will take place at the Royal Aquarium, St. Stephen's Great Skating Rink, on and from Monday, the 3rd, until September 8, inclusive.

* * *

— That at Louisville, Kentucky, August 30, a duel was fought which resulted in the death of a man named Cook. The two principals were highly respectable business men in the city. Cook resented some remarks which a man named King made regarding the character of a Mr. Brackenridge, and the two agreed to fight out the quarrel with knives. Cook was stabbed three times through the heart. The fight was witnessed by several people, and no attempt was made to prevent King from making his escape.

COMMON GOSSIP.

Mr. Ross, of Huddersfield, reached London August 31, having completed the journey from Huddersfield on a safety bicycle in the fresh record time of 14hr. 49min. The previous best was J. Dyson's, 18hr. 42min.

* * *

Lord Francis Hope has now no further interest in the Lyric Theatre, and Mr. Horace Sedger has taken unto himself another partner. Miss May Yohe will not be seen in the next production at that theatre, but Miss Florence St. John and Miss Geraldine Ulmar will have parts suited to their respective personalities.

* * *

At Harlesden Police-court a wooden-legged crossing-sweeper complained of the conduct of a clergyman, who, he stated, was in the habit of doing him out of his hard-earned coppers. Several times when passers-by were going to give him money he caught hold of their hand, saying, "Don't give that d——d scoundrel anything." He also called him a "d——d lazy scoundrel." The applicant was very indignant with the gentleman, who is well known in the district as being eccentric.—The applicant was told to apply for a summons the next time the same thing occurred.

* * *

The Cunard Liner Campania has now broken all records out and home. She arrived at Queenstown August 31 from New York at 5.34 a.m., making the passage in 5 days 10hr 47min. Unfortunately she encountered a dense fog on the 27th and 28th on the banks of Newfoundland, and for nine hours she was compelled to go "dead slow." Had it not been for the obstruction the passage would have been made in 5 days 7hr. 47min. The average speed per hour stands at 21½ knots. Her daily runs were 491, 513, 454, 511, 505, and 365 to Daunt's Rock.

* * *

A painful sensation was created at Wolverhampton on September 1, owing to the sudden death of Dr. Dunn, a well-known supporter of the Wolverhampton Wanderers F.C., who fell down and died almost immediately whilst a League match between the Wolverhampton Wanderers and Preston North End was in progress. The deceased went to the ground accompanied by two sons, and in a crush one of the boys was knocked down. Whilst remonstrating with the man who caused the youth to fall the deceased was seized with illness and died.

* * *

Lieutenant William Henn, the owner of the well-known cutter Galatea, died somewhat suddenly at his father's residence, Kildysart, Ireland, September 1. The Galatea is at present in Dartmouth Harbour, and Mrs. Henn is on board her. The news of Lieutenant Henn's death caused general regret among the numerous yachting men at Dartmouth in connection with the regatta.

* * *

Miss Marie Lloyd had a crowd of friends to bid her farewell at Euston on August 31, when she started for New York. Her husband, from whom she is separated, and who was recently bound over to keep the peace, was also there.

* * *

The Cunard liner Lucania arrived at Sandy Hook, New York, August 31, having made the passage from Queenstown in 5 days 8h. 38min., thus beating the previous record made by her sister ship, the Campania, by 51min.

WANTED TO BE FUNNY.

Never joke with a tram conductor. William Brooks, a surveyor, living in Huntshill-street, Wandsworth, attempted to do so on August 31, but the official in question was so absolutely devoid of humour that he handed the poor man over to a constable and caused him to be fined five shillings and costs on the following day. Brooks was in too good a temper, he declared, to wish to defraud anyone, for he had had a few glasses with a friend whom he met on the way to Westminster, and entertained naught but goodwill to all the world. On his return home later in the day it occurred to him that the monotony of the conductor's existence might be relieved by a little fun, so, when asked for his fare, he produced, not the requisite amount in current coin of the realm, but an old ticket. He had pictured to himself how the man with the punch and the change would hold his sides as the subtlety of the joke broke upon his wearied intelligence, and was bitterly disappointed when he found himself rewarded for his disinterested service by being given into custody. Brooks was still further astonished to hear the magistrate, at the South-Western Police-court, express himself equally unable to appreciate the amusement that had been so laboriously prepared for the hardworked tramway servant; but he will probably remember in future that humour, combined with strong language and a refusal to discharge legal obligations, is of too advanced an order to please everybody.

MURDER IN A CALIFORNIA COURT.

During the hearing of a complicated wife case before a referee, at San Francisco, September 1, the defendant, John Wilson, son of one of the wealthiest farmers in the State, deliberately rose from his chair while some important evidence was being given and, walking over to where Mr. Ellermins, the plaintiff, was sitting, pulled a pistol from his pocket and blew his brains out. The act was so unexpected and so quickly carried out that there was no chance to interfere.

STEVE SMITH.

A Promising North London Pugilist, who can Fight at 8st 6lb.

(With Portrait.)

Though but eighteen years of age, Steve Smith of Tottenham has made a good record for himself as a pugilist. He is 5ft 5½in tall, and when but fourteen years of age he cropped up as an amateur boxer of merit by defeating E. Williams in five rounds, and Jem Tucker in less than that time. Though scaling but 7st 6lb, Smith won a 9st 4lb competition, disposing of Jem Brown, Barney Marfield, and C. Gooch in the trial and final bouts. He next won a 7st 6lb competition at Tottenham with ridiculous ease, knocking out both his opponents in less than three minutes. Wag Ward proved to be an easy victim before Smith, in spite of the mob that tried to save Ward; was runner-up to F. Goldbolt in an 8st 4lb competition, defeating F. Gardner and Jim Kearns in the trial bouts. He won an 8st 6lb competition at Woolwich, by disposing of T. Harvey and T. Marsh, and, in a subsequent battle with Marsh, he won in six rounds.

Two eight-round battles were his next engagements, defeating Jack Beach, of Holloway, and T. Cooke, the champion of the Army.

Forsaking the amateur ranks, Smith blossomed forth as a full-fledged professional, and was declared loser in a six-round contest with Alf Gunning. He entered an 8st 6lb competition at the National Sporting Club, defeating H. Osborne in the trial bout, but was declared loser of the final bout against Dave Wallace.

During a 15 months' tour of Western Australia Smith vanquished G. Stuart in the fifth round of a ten-round battle; and in an eight-round battle he made Charley Goff cry quit in the sixth round.

Upon returning to England he entered a 9st 4lb competition, but being out of form, he was beaten by Jim Keating. Bill Nolan secured a verdict over Smith in an eight-round bout.

Smith is prepared to take on Dave Wallace, of Holloway, or Bill Nolan, of Drury Lane, at 8st 6lb, give or take 2lb, for a suitable purse and side bet.

THE SHAVING COMPETITION.

Rymer, the Hile End Marvel, Talks to Peter Moss.

The appearance of the Mirror of Life trophy, emblem of the championship at rapid shaving, has infused renewed vigour into the tonsorial artists, and a spirited competition is looked forward to. James Rymer, Peter Moss, and Thomas Steele are the trio who all along have been extremely desirous of bringing the affair to a decision, but have delayed matter in hopes of inducing William Lloyd to participate. Teddy Wick they regard as an inferior man at the game, because he was easily beaten by Lloyd. A new aspirant in Robert George Hardie, of Notting Hill, has cropped up, and, judging from his performances, he will make a strong bid for the honours. Mr. Hardie has now several contests, and holds records worthy of recognition. He has confidence in his ability to defeat any man in the world, and consequently proposes contending for the Mirror of Life trophy.

Those who have entered will hold a meeting at the Mirror of Life office, at 108, Fleet Street, Thursday afternoon at four o'clock, when a date will be fixed for the contest to begin. Speaking of the declaration made by Peter Moss in a recent issue James Rymer says: "I see no reason why Moss should enter any objections to having the match occur at an East-end hall. He would certainly be accorded fair play, and besides I propose to have it an orderly affair, free from the disturbing element he speaks of. We wouldn't draw expenses at the Aquarium, and again it would mean a heavy expense to induce the subjects to travel to that place nightly, whereas if it were brought off in the East-end or at Camberwell it would draw a large audience, and subjects would be plentiful. The East-end is flooded with foreigners, and they would surely be on hand to encourage Moss in his efforts, and were he successful it is safe to predict that he would be tendered an ovation he might justly feel proud of. The Beaumont Hall can be engaged at a low rental and a suitable programme arranged that in itself would induce many to attend. The proposed contestants could each deposit in your hands a proportionate share of the estimated expenses, and then what was taken in at the door could be divided according to the articles we have signed. Moss's remarks that I have lost interest in the match are wholly uncalled for; I shall be prepared to have it come off in October. And as for fearing foreigners, I might say right here that I can defeat any foreigner that ever stropped a razor, and when it comes to a time when I am compelled to play second fiddle to their element I'll abandon the business for some other occupation."

She: "Pray, sir, have you any dimity, ell wide, at four pence?"

Clerk in Draper's Shop: "No, mum; but we've got some hellish wide at sixpence!"

* * *

F. E. Bacon and E. C. Bredin decide their three-quarter mile race on level terms at Stamford Bridge Grounds, September 29.

THE SPORTING editors of The Mirror of Life know what they say, and ain't afraid to say what they know. Buy next week's paper and judge for yourself.

ONLY TWOPENCE. The Mirror of Life gives you double for your money what any other illustrated sporting paper in Great Britain does. Buy next week's and compare it with other papers.

IF YOU DON'T buy The Mirror of Life now, try it for one week; it will please you.

NO OTHER AS GOOD. In The Mirror of Life you get more for your money than in any other illustrated sporting journal published in the world.

HOW DO YOU like The Mirror of Life? Isn't it the best illustrated paper you ever read?

YOU NEVER get tired of reading The Mirror of Life, because it's the smartest sporting paper published.

IT'S SPICY. Yes! And it grows better every week. Read The Mirror of Life and see for yourself.

YOU WILL MISS a good thing if you don't read The Mirror of Life every week.

HARDAWAY & TOPPING,

Turf Commission Agents,

FLUSHING, HOLLAND.

Price list published twice daily, containing latest market movements, forwarded free on receipt of postcard containing address.

The oldest established firm of Turf Commission Agents in the world.—No representatives.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE GUIDE HOW TO DANCE, DRESS, ACT, COURT, LOVE, and MARRY, 8 stamps. Also Everbody's Dream Book and Fortune Telling Book, true explanation of the coming events of your life and history, 8 stamps. Continental Photographs in great variety. Samples and Catalogues, 2d., stamps.

T. W. HARRISON,
35, HOLYWELL STREET, LONDON, W.C.

LIFE AND BATTLES
OF
JAMES J. CORBETT,
CHAMPION OF THE WORLD,
CONTAINING
PORTRAITS
OF THE
PRINCIPAL PUGILISTS
WHOM CORBETT HAS BEATEN.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION
OF
CORBETT'S BATTLES
WITH
Peter Jackson, John L. Sullivan, and Charles Mitchell.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

OBTAINABLE OF ALL NEWSAGENTS
IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.
Or sent, Post Paid, by
THE MIRROR OF LIFE,
108, FLEET STREET, E.C.

HERNIA. RUPTURE.
ITS MECHANICAL TREATMENT
As RECOMMENDED by the LEADING HERNIA SPECIALISTS and ENDORSED BY THE ENTIRE MEDICAL PRESS.
Complete illustrated particulars sent gratis and post free on application to
THEODORE SKULL,
Practical Truss, Belt, and Elastic Stocking Maker
91 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, 91
LONDON, W.
Manufacturer of all kinds of Surgical Instruments, Trusses, Belts, Obstetric Binders Elastic Stockings, Knee-Caps, Anklets, Suspensory Bandages, Enemas, Syringes, Pessaries, Rubber Goods, &c. Full particulars mailed free.

A VACATION IN THE COUNTRY.

A Visit Not as Enjoyable as was anticipated, and a Return to the City to Recuperate.

Printed and Published every Wednesday by A. H. McWade for the Proprietors—THE MIRROR OF LIFE Company—at 103, Fleet Street, E.C.